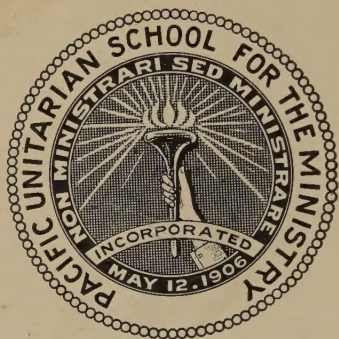




THE GOLDEN WORD

THE GOLDEN RULE SERIES





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THE GOLDEN WORD BOOK

The Golden Rule Series

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III THE GOLDEN DOOR BOOK

IV THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK

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VI THE GOLDEN DEED BOOK

THE GOLDEN RULE SERIES

THE GOLDEN WORD BOOK

A SCHOOL READER

BY

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PREFACE

THIS Series of books embodies a graded system of moral instruction. The method of instruction involved in the Scheme is the indirect method. It introduces the pupil, in a concrete and interesting manner, to the subject matter of morals, by means of fairy tale, myth, fable, allegory, parable, legend, stories of real life, of heroes and heroines, biography, and historical incident. This method was adopted in preference to the more formal, direct, and didactic methods, because of an induction based on a *questionnaire* circulated among the teachers of ten cities, nearly ninety-five per cent of whom favored the indirect method. This induction is supported, also, by investigations relating to the moral nature in the field of child psychology, and the psychology of the first years of adolescence.

In the composition, selection, and arrangement of material, attention has been given to the laws

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established by scientific pedagogy relating to the unfolding of the fundamental interests of children.

The contents of the Readers have been selected from the best literary sources. Both ancient and modern classics have been largely drawn upon, especial attention having been given, not only to the ethical content, but also to the literary and engaging qualities of the material selected. The Series includes, also, a number of original stories and much re-written matter. Everything contained in the Readers has been carefully adapted to the requirements of the respective grades — the selections having been subjected to a practical test in the schools of New York. Method, material, grading, form, vocabulary, interest, etc., have been made the subject of actual experiment. The aim has been to produce a series of books that will accomplish all the ends of literary Readers, and at the same time will embody a graded system of moral instruction.

No especial pedagogical method is required of the teacher in using these books. The same method of questioning that obtains in the use of other Readers may be adopted in the use of the ethical Readers. If, in the teacher's judgment,

the pupil fails to apprehend the real moral content of the story or poem, the teacher can easily lead up to it by tactful questioning, but she should be especially careful to avoid the direct method. It is eminently desirable that the pupil should do his own moralizing, hence the teacher should not try to exhort or preach.

The Series, as thus constructed, is the only one of its kind. Books for moral instruction used by the French, the Japanese, the English, as well as in our own country, employ either the direct method, or a combination of the direct and indirect methods, and the English and American books contain much religious material. This Series must, therefore, be regarded as the first and only contribution of its character made to moral education. It is earnestly hoped that the Readers may satisfy the almost universal demand for systematic graded instruction in morals in the schools.

This particular book, designed for pupils approximately of the seventh grade, embodies the fundamental features of the Series. It deals with the virtues and vices peculiar to children of this age. The material has been prepared with the

utmost care. Very naturally in a Reader for pupils of this grade the emphasis is laid on the virtues of the broader social and political life and on those of the economic or vocational life. It is, of course, vitally important that the moral of each lesson should be apprehended by every pupil in the class. To this end, in each instance, after the story has been read by the class, it might be told by one or two of its members, and the moral brought out by judicious questioning. Too much emphasis, however, cannot be laid on the fact that direct exhortation should be avoided. The teacher should question the pupil, just as she would on any other story, to determine to her own satisfaction whether he has fully grasped its meaning. By this method, the pupil will be led to do his own moralizing, which is much more effective than exhortation by the teacher.

We are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "The Master-Player," from *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar (Dodd, Mead & Company); "The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln," from *The True Story of Abraham Lin-*

coln, by E. S. Brooks (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company); "One of the Busiest Women of New York," from *True Stories of Heroic Lives*, by Carrie D. Macomber (Funk & Wagnalls Company); "Roland," from *Heroes Every Child Should Know*, adapted by H. W. Mabie (Doubleday, Page & Company); "Marco Bozzaris," from the *Complete Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck*; "Thanatopsis," from the *Complete Works of William Cullen Bryant* (D. Appleton & Company); "The Goblin and the Huckster," from *Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales* (Ginn & Company); "The Risks of a Fireman's Life," from *Fighting a Fire*, by Charles T. Hill (Century Company); "A Hero of the Fishing Fleet," from *The Harvest of the Sea*, by Wilfred T. Grenfell (Fleming H. Revell Company); "Palissy the Potter," from *The Red Book of Heroes*, by Mrs. Lang (Longmans, Green & Company); "A Song," from *Afterwhiles*, by James Whitcomb Riley (The Bobbs-Merrill Company).

We are also indebted to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for permission to use his poem, "The Ballad of the Clampherdown."

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THE GOLDEN WORD BOOK

THE GOLDEN WORD BOOK

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

It was granted to a good man, when he died, to be born again as a golden goose. So he flew to the top of the house where he had lived, and there were his wife and daughters, now very poor, and having a hard time to get along.

The goose said, "I am your father, my daughters, and you may take this golden feather, sell it, and buy food."

This he did day after day, and the golden feathers kept the family in comfort. At last the wife said:

"Children, who can depend upon a goose? Any day he may fly off, and we shall see him no more. I will take all his feathers the next time he comes, and pluck him clean, and so be sure of them."

But the feathers were of gold only when they were pulled out with the consent of

the goose. So now when the woman held the goose and plucked him, the feathers were only common ones. And the goose flew away, and was never seen again.

Retold from "The Jātāka."

FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried ;

"The few locks which are left you are grey ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,

"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor
at first,

That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away ;

And yet you lament not the days that are
gone ;

Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William
replied,

"I remember'd that youth could not last ;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,

That I never might grieve for the past."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BILLY'S PRIZE ESSAY

AUNT BESS had followed Billy's course from the time when he had entered the schools, until finally he had reached the seventh grade. She felt that her nephew had received so much from the schools that she wanted to show her gratitude by making some sort of return. So she decided to give some money to the Library Fund, the interest on which could be used to purchase new books that might prove interesting and helpful to both teachers and pupils. She resolved, also, to establish a prize of fifty dollars to be awarded each year to the pupil

of the seventh grade who should write the best essay on a subject assigned by the teacher of the grade.

The first year in which it was offered a number of boys and girls were eager to win the prize. Of course, it would be regarded as a great honor to be the successful competitor, and fifty dollars seemed a large sum of money, so that the competition bade fair to be very sharp.

Billy thought the matter over carefully and made up his mind to compete for the prize. He felt sure that Aunt Bess would be pleased, and, of course, he wanted both the honor and the money. He soon learned that ten others were going to enter the contest. All were anxious to learn what subject would be selected to write upon. Charlie Kimball hoped that Miss Jennings would choose an historical subject. He was sure that he could do his best with such a theme. Grace Elkins preferred to write a description of a journey or of a place noted for beautiful scenery. She liked to describe things. Billy wanted to write about some famous leader, — a soldier or a statesman, —

or about some great inventor. Billy was interested in men of action. All the other competitors had their own hopes for the particular kind of subject in which they were especially interested.

What was their surprise when one morning Miss Jennings wrote this subject on the blackboard : —

THE CIGARETTE BOY

At first all who had entered the competition felt disappointed. Charlie was not sure that he could interest himself in such a subject, and he knew very little about it. Grace thought cigarettes and cigarette smokers were horrid anyhow, and she did not want to have anything to do with either of them. Billy knew something about both, for he had had experience with them as captain of the football team; but he liked to think about great men who "did things." So he was disappointed, too, when Miss Jennings assigned "The Cigarette Boy" as the subject of "The Aunt Bess Prize." But, after Miss Jennings had called their attention to the fact that cigarette smoking was a very harm-

ful thing to growing boys and youth, and had pointed out how the evil was increasing, and had told them where they could learn much about the subject, all of the competitors felt satisfied, and began their work with a good deal of enthusiasm. They were to have eight weeks in which to write their essays. Little time was wasted, as all of the rivals were earnest and industrious pupils, and they knew that they would have to do their best to succeed.

Usually when boys and girls sit down to write an essay, they wonder where they can find enough to say about the subject. But Billy soon felt embarrassed because there seemed to be so much to say, and he was afraid that his essay might be too long.

However, he was a football lad, and, as a rule, such boys are not easily discouraged in the presence of difficulties. He resolved to go ahead and see what could be done.

The first thing he did was to go to New York with the intention of calling on some of the principals of the schools to find out just *how widespread the evil of cigarette smoking was*. He asked the superintendent of

the Stamford schools to give him a letter of introduction to several principals, and, accompanied by his father, he spent three Saturday mornings in New York interviewing them. Billy was amazed to learn that the cigarette evil prevailed in every school, and that it was not confined to the higher grades, but was found in some instances even in the third and fourth grades. In one case it prevailed even in the second grade. Here, then, was material for the first point of Billy's essay, and he wrote a careful account of what he had learned from the school principals.

In the next place, he knew where to get information on the second point of his essay — *the harmful effects of cigarette smoking on the body*. He recalled that when he was Captain of the Sixth Grade Foot Ball Team, old Dr. Wright had told him that many distinguished physicians agreed that, for boys, cigarette smoking was a most harmful practice. So he called on Dr. Wright, who showed him a number of articles in medical journals on the subject. Billy took them home to read. Some of the words were so large and so un-

usual that he had to go to the kind old Doctor a number of times to ask him to explain their meaning. But Billy soon learned that a great many physicians believed that very serious harm is done to the heart, nerves, lungs, and arteries by the nicotine in cigarettes. They said that it is a rank poison, and that it seriously injures the bodies of boys and youth. It interferes with the boy's development and saps his strength. He read again what he had learned before — that this is the reason why athletes in schools and colleges are not allowed to smoke. It would endanger the success of the teams on which they play, because their strength would be reduced. He learned further that it produces other bad effects — that it often leads to the use of poisonous drugs, and to the use of alcohol, both of which are enemies of the body. All of this information Billy condensed and introduced into his essay in his own language, occasionally quoting the words of some eminent physician.

Then he passed to the third point of his paper — *the harmful influence of the use of tobacco on the mind of the boy*. Of course, he

had learned much on this subject in the articles he had read, for the mind is so dependent on the body that anything that affects the well-being of the body affects the efficiency of the mind. He found that, as a rule, the cigarette boy is a dull boy. Often he is unable to go on with his class, and when the end of the year comes, he cannot be promoted, but is compelled to do the year's work over again. Sometimes he is several grades behind boys of his own age. Billy found, further, that this was not only the statement of physicians, but that the school principals whom he had interviewed had said the same thing. Billy put this information into his essay, for he felt that it was one of the most important things that he had learned.

When he came to the next point — *the effects of the cigarette habit on the morals of the boy*, Billy felt that he had reached the most difficult part of his subject, because he had known very few boys who had formed the cigarette habit. So he thought it necessary to make an investigation. He asked his father to go with him once more to the New

York school principals that he might learn something about the matter from them. So on the following Saturday he called on several school men, who told him that the cigarette boy is often a truant, because the use of cigarettes makes a dull boy, and the dull boy often becomes a truant. They told him that truancy breeds crime, so that the cigarette boy often becomes a criminal. Furthermore, one principal told him that in some states there is a law against selling cigarettes to boys, but that men often violate this law, and the cigarette boy if found out will lie to protect the man who sold him the cigarettes; so that cigarette smoking often leads to law-breaking and to lying. Billy soon saw that it would not be half as difficult to write on this point of his essay as he had supposed, and he put great emphasis upon it, for he realized its importance.

And now he had come to the last point — *how to deal with the evil*. In his reading, and in his talk with the school principals, Billy had learned something about the strength of habit in general, and of the cigarette habit in particular. He saw that acts when fre-

quently repeated lead to the formation of habits which are exceedingly hard to break. He read that in some instances it was almost impossible to shake a habit off; that it grips its victim like a vice. In one place he read that a habit was like a large snake that had wrapped itself about a boy, and from whose coils the poor fellow could not free himself. So Billy came to the conclusion that the thing for one to do is not to form the habit of smoking cigarettes. This he stated in his essay, quoting the old saying, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Billy was a thoughtful lad, and having pointed out the evils of cigarette smoking, he was wise enough to make a strong plea for its prevention. So he closed his essay with a few recommendations. First, he favored strict laws against the sale of cigarettes to boys and youth, and severe penalties for their violation. Secondly, he favored strict laws and penalties against the use of cigarettes by boys and youth. In the third place, he urged instruction in the schools concerning the use of tobacco on the part of

boys, so that they might learn of its dangers. In the fourth place, he thought that pamphlets giving information on the subject should be distributed among parents so that they might warn their children against the evil. And, finally, he thought that all organizations like boys' clubs, the Boy Scouts, and the George Junior Republic, ought to caution boys against the harm that threatens the cigarette boy.

This is the way in which Billy wrote his essay. After he had completed it he carefully re-wrote it, looking especially after the spelling and punctuation, and put it in a neat and orderly form. He signed it, "Donald Bruce," and sent it to the chairman of the Committee of Judges. Then he sent a note to Miss Jennings, stating that he was a competitor for "The Aunt Bess Prize," and that he had forwarded his essay, signed Donald Bruce, to the Judges' Committee. This was done in order that the judges might be able to give an impartial decision.

The last day of the term finally dawned. It was to be devoted to special exercises, songs, dramatics, declamations, a spell-

ing bee, and to the awarding of "The Aunt Bess Prize." When the clock struck eleven, the three judges entered the schoolroom. Everybody was eager to hear the decision. Judge Arnold, a lawyer of Stamford, was Chairman of the Committee. As he walked slowly toward Miss Jennings's desk, all eyes were fixed upon him. There was such silence in the room when he began to speak, that one might almost have heard Billy breathe. The Judge said that the Committee had examined all of the essays with great care and found them excellent, but, he added, there were degrees of excellence — some were better than others. After considering the merits of each essay, he said, the Committee was unanimous in recommending that the prize be awarded to Donald Bruce.

Of course, everybody was wondering who Donald Bruce was. Just then, Miss Jennings handed a note to Judge Arnold, and, putting on his glasses, he read as follows: "The essay signed Donald Bruce was written by William Bates."

Immediately the classroom rang with the

applause of Billy's schoolmates, and Dick Matthews, one of the leaders of the class, arose and called for a cheer for the winner, and soon the room was filled with :—

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Billy Bates!! Billy Bates!!

Billy was a modest lad, and, although usually calm and self-possessed, he was now considerably embarrassed. Aunt Bess, who had come from New York to attend the exercises, was sitting next to Miss Jennings. When she heard the Judge mention Billy's name, she was so happy that her heart almost leaped into her throat. After the cheer was over, Judge Arnold asked Billy to step forward to receive the prize. As he walked up the aisle, he was greeted with another big round of applause. The Judge praised him for the care with which he had prepared his essay, and said that the subject was so important, and had been treated with such thoroughness, that he would ask the Committee of Judges to have it published in the Stamford papers. He handed Billy

the fifty dollars, and shook his hand heartily. The other judges congratulated him, also, and Miss Jennings and Aunt Bess followed. As Billy returned to his seat, another round of applause was given him. Everybody rejoiced in his success.

The essay was published in the city papers, and many people thought it so good and so important, that the State Superintendent of Schools had it printed in pamphlet form with the title:—

THE CIGARETTE BOY

BY

A BOY OF THE SEVENTH GRADE

This pamphlet was circulated in all of the schools of the state, and proved to be the means of warning many boys against the great dangers of the cigarette habit.

THE DISENTHRALLED

HE had bowed down to drunkenness,
An abject worshiper:
The pride of manhood's pulse had grown
Too faint and cold to stir;

And he had given his spirit up
To the unblest thrall,
And bowing to the poison cup,
He gloried in his fall!

There came a change — the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain —
And like the passing of a dream
That cometh not again,
The shadow of the spirit fled.
He saw the gulf before,
He shuddered at the waste behind,
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent folds away,
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the swaying forest-oak
Its poison vine apart;
He stood erect; returning pride
Grew terrible within,
And conscience sat in judgment, on
His most familiar sin.

The light of Intellect again
Along his pathway shone;
And Reason like a monarch sat
Upon his olden throne.

The honored and the wise once more
 Within his presence came ;
 And lingered oft on lovely lips
 His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might,
 That treadeth nations down ;
 Wreaths for the crimson conqueror,
 Pride for the kingly crown ;
 But nobler is that triumph hour,
 The disenthralled shall find,
 When evil passion boweth down
 Unto the Godlike mind !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER

THERE was once a regular student who lived in a garret, and had no possessions. And there was also a regular huckster, to whom the house belonged, and who occupied the ground floor. A goblin lived with the huckster because at Christmas he was always given a large dish full of jam, with a great piece of butter in the middle. The huckster could afford this ; and therefore

the goblin remained with the huckster, which was very cunning of the goblin.

One evening the student came into the shop through the back door to buy candles and cheese for himself; he had no one to send, and therefore he came himself; he obtained what he wished, and then the huckster and his wife nodded good evening to him; the wife was a woman who could do more than merely nod, for she usually had plenty to say for herself. The student nodded in return as he turned to leave, then suddenly stopped, and began reading the piece of paper in which the cheese was wrapped. It was a leaf torn out of an old book,—a book that ought not to have been torn up, for it was full of poetry.

“Yonder lies some more of the same sort,” said the huckster; “I gave an old woman a few coffee berries for it; you shall have the rest for sixpence if you will.”

“Indeed I will,” said the student; “give me the book instead of the cheese; I can eat my bread and butter without cheese. It would be a sin to tear up a book like

this. You are a clever man and a practical man; but you understand no more about poetry than that cask yonder."

This was a very rude speech, especially rude to the cask; but the huckster and the student both laughed, for it was only said in fun. However, the goblin felt very angry that any man should venture to say such things to a huckster who was a householder, and sold the best butter. As soon as it was night and the shop closed and every one in bed except the student, the goblin stepped softly into the bedroom where the huckster's wife slept, and took away her tongue, which, of course, she did not want then. Whatever object in the room he placed this tongue upon immediately received voice and speech, and was able to express its thoughts and feelings as readily as the lady herself could do. It could only be used by one object at a time, which was a good thing, as a number speaking at once would have caused great confusion. The goblin laid the tongue upon the cask, in which lay a quantity of old newspapers.

“Is it really true,” he asked, “that you do not know what poetry is?”

“Of course I know,” replied the cask; “poetry is something that always stands in the corner of a newspaper, and is sometimes cut out; and I may venture to affirm that I have more of it in me than the student has, and I am only a poor tub of the huckster’s.”

Then the goblin placed the tongue on the coffee-mill; and how it did go to be sure! Then he put it on the butter-tub and the cash-box, and they all expressed the same opinion as the waste-paper tub; and a majority must always be respected.

“Now I shall go to tell the student,” said the goblin; and with these words he went quietly up the back stairs to the garret where the student lived. He had a candle burning still; and the goblin peeped through the keyhole, and saw that he was reading in the torn book, which he had bought out of the shop. But how light the room was! From the book shot forth a ray of light which grew broad and full like the stem of a tree, from which bright rays spread upward and over the student’s head. Each

leaf was fresh, and each flower was like a beautiful female head ; some with dark and sparkling eyes, and others with eyes that were wonderfully blue and clear. The fruit gleamed like stars ; and the room was filled with sounds of beautiful music. The little goblin had never imagined, much less seen or heard of, any sight as glorious as this. He stood still on tiptoe, peeping in, till the light went out in the garret. The student no doubt had blown out his candle and gone to bed ; but the little goblin remained standing there, nevertheless, and listening to the music, which still sounded on, soft and beautiful, a sweet cradle-song for the student who had lain down to rest.

“ This is a wonderful place,” said the goblin ; “ I never expected such a thing. I should like to stay here with the student ; ” and then the little man thought it over, for he was a sensible little sprite. At last he sighed, “ But the student has no jam ! ” So he went downstairs again to the huckster’s shop, and it was a good thing he got back when he did, for the cask had almost worn out the lady’s tongue. He had given

a description of all that he contained on one side, and was just about to turn himself over to the other side to describe what was there, when the goblin entered and restored the tongue to the lady. But from that time forward, the whole shop, from the cash-box down to the pinewood logs, formed their opinions from that of the cask ; and they all had such confidence in him, and treated him with so much respect, that when the huckster read the criticisms on theatricals and art of an evening, they fancied it must all come from the cask.

But after what he had seen, the goblin could no longer sit and listen quietly to the wisdom and understanding downstairs ; so, as soon as the evening light glimmered in the garret, he took courage, for it seemed to him as though the rays of light were strong cables, drawing him up, and obliging him to go and peep through the keyhole ; and, while there, a feeling of vastness came over him such as we experience by the ever moving sea, when the storm breaks forth ; and it brought tears into his eyes. He did not himself know why he wept, yet a kind of pleas-

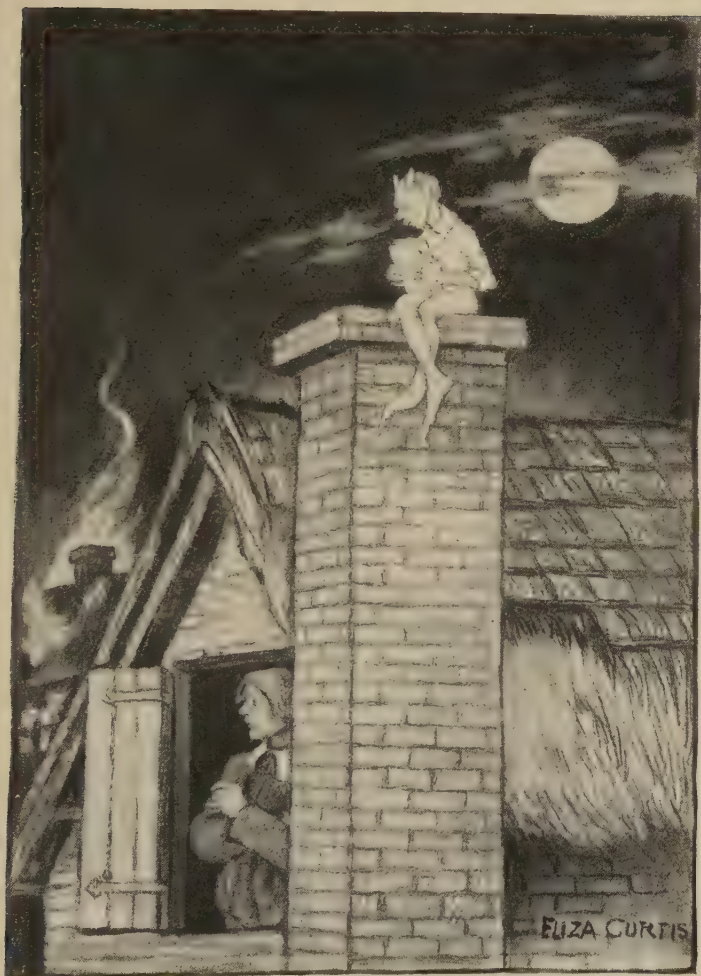
ant feeling mingled with his tears. "How wonderfully glorious it would be to sit with the student under such a tree;" but that was out of the question; he must be content to look through the keyhole, and be thankful for even that.

There he stood on the cold landing, with the autumn wind blowing down upon him through the trap-door. It was very cold; but the little creature did not really feel it till the light in the garret went out, and the tones of music died away. Then how he shivered, and crept downstairs again to his warm corner, where he felt homelike and comfortable. And when Christmas came again, and brought the dish of jam and the great lump of butter, he liked the huckster best of all.

Soon after, in the middle of the night, the goblin was awakened by a terrible noise and knocking against the window shutters and the house doors, and by the sound of the watchman's horn; for a great fire had broken out, and the whole street appeared full of flames. Was it in their house or a neighbor's? No one could tell, for terror had

seized upon all. The huckster's wife was so bewildered that she took her gold earrings out of her ears and put them in her pocket, so that she might save something at least. The huckster ran to get his business papers, and the servant resolved to save her black silk mantle, which she had managed to buy. All wished to keep the best things they had. The goblin had the same wish; for, with one spring, he was upstairs in the student's room. He found him standing by the open window, looking quite calmly at the fire, which was raging at the house of a neighbor opposite. The goblin caught up the wonderful book, which lay on the table, and popped it into his red cap, which he held tightly with both hands.

The greatest treasure in the house was saved; and he ran away with it to the roof, and seated himself on the chimney. The flames of the burning house opposite illuminated him as he sat, both hands pressed tightly over his cap, in which the treasure lay; and then he found out what feelings really reigned in his heart, and knew exactly



“The flames of the burning house opposite illuminated him as he sat.”

which way they tended. And yet, when the fire was extinguished, and the goblin again began to reflect, he hesitated, and said at last, "I must divide myself between the two; I cannot quite give up the huckster because of the jam."

And this is a representation of human nature. We are like the goblin; we all go to visit the huckster "because of the jam."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved
a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking
on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the
ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge,
with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that
crowning show,
Valor, and love, and a king above, and
the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid
laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams,
a wind went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they
rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in
a thunderous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisk-
ing through the air ;
Said Francis then, " Faith, gentlemen, we're
better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, — a
beauteous lively dame
With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes,
which always seem'd the same :
She thought, " The Count, my lover, is brave
as brave can be ;
He surely would do wondrous things to show
his love of me ;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occa-
sion is divine ;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great
glory will be mine."



“He bowed, and in a moment leapt among the lions wild.”

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love,
then look'd at him and smiled ;

He bowed, and in a moment leapt among
the lions wild :

His leap was quick, return was quick, he
has regain'd his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love,
right in the lady's face.

“ Well done ! ” cried Francis, “ bravely
done ! ” and he rose from where he sat :

“ No love,” quoth he, “ but vanity, sets love
a task like that.”

LEIGH HUNT.

THE TOURNAMENT

THE condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was absent, a prisoner, and in the power of the cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the meantime, a prey to every species of oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was

using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favors. In the meantime, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation he afterwards effected.

To these causes of public distress, must be added, the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and wastes, set at defiance the justice of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless.

Yet amid these distresses, to the poor, as well as to the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, a tournament was the grand spectacle of that age. Neither duty nor infirmity

could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened, upon the appointed morning, to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was inclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad.

The form of the inclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were consider-

ably rounded off in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colors of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries spread with tapestry and carpets, and with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere crowd. The multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides these, many hundreds perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow ; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

One gallery in the very center of the eastern side of the lists, and exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries, waited

around this place of honor, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists, and more gayly decorated than that destined for the Prince himself.

A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gayly dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colors. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators that this seat of honor was designed for the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

Meanwhile, spectators of every description thronged forward to occupy their respective stations, and not without many quarrels concerning those which they were entitled to hold. Some of these were settled by the men-at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of their battle axes, and pummels of their swords being readily employed as arguments.

Others, which involved the rival claims of more elevated persons, were determined by the heralds, or by the two marshals of the field, who, armed at all points, rode up and down the lists to enforce and preserve good order among the spectators.

Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness the sport. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of the lesser gentry, as, from modesty or poverty, durst not assume any higher place.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England. The contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and

yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendor.

In the early part of the day, a Norman Knight Templar, named Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, distinguished himself above all the rest. He had again and again challenged any one to appear against him, and Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Bois-Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the

new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with a Spanish word signifying "Disinherited."

He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert

until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

“Have you confessed yourself, brother,” said the Templar, “and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?”

“I am fitter to meet death than thou art,” answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

“Then take your place in the lists,” said Bois-Guilbert, “and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise.”

“Gramercy for thy courtesy,” replied the Disinherited Knight, “and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both.”

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move

backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that

both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant through the bars of their visors, each retired to the extremity of the lists and received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same

dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the accla-

mations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

“We shall meet again, I trust,” said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; “and where there are none to separate us.”

“If we do not,” said the Disinherited Knight, “the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with ax, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.”

. II

When the knightly sports were ended, a competition in archery took place. This was done to satisfy the yeomen and the common people, who took a great interest in all manly sports, and who had their

champions among the various competitors. The prize, to be awarded to the best archer, was a bugle horn mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of Saint Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order, were to shoot each three shafts. The sports were regulated by an officer, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was ac-

counted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

“Now, Locksley,” said Prince John to a bold yeoman who had declared his intention to shoot, “wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the Provost of the Sports?”

“Sith it be no better,” said Locksley, “I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert’s, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose.”

“That is but fair,” answered Prince John, “and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee.”

“A man can do but his best,” answered Hubert; “but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory.”

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first,

took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

“You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,” said his antagonist, bending his bow, “or that had been a better shot.”

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received

from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

“A Hubert! a Hubert!” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. “In the clout! — in the clout! — a Hubert for ever!”

“Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,” said the Prince with an insulting smile.

“I will notch his shaft for him, however,” replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor. “And now,” said Locksley, “I will crave your Grace’s permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it.”

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill.

For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that

hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I will give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of a whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention

to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeomen of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings.

Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

WALTER SCOTT. *Abridged.*

THE PRIEST AND THE MULBERRY TREE

DID you hear of the curate who mounted
his mare,

And merrily trotted along to the fair?

Of creature more tractable none ever heard;
In the height of her speed she would stop
at a word;

But again with a word, when the curate said,
"Hey,"

She put forth her mettle and gallop'd away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly
glow'd,
The good priest discover'd, with eyes of
desire,

A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier ;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green
 shoot,
Hung, large, black and glossy, the beautiful
 fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty to
 boot ;
He shrunk from the thorns, though he
 long'd for the fruit ;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen
 speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his
 steed ;
On the saddle he stood while the creature
 stood still,
And he gather'd the fruit till he took his
 good fill.

“ Sure never,” he thought, “ was a creature
 so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare ;
Lo, here now I stand,” and he gazed all
 around,
“ As safe and as steady as if on the
 ground ;

Yet how had it been, if some traveler this
way,
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to
cry, ‘ Hey ’ ? ”

He stood with his head in the mulberry
tree,
And he spoke out aloud in his fond revery ;
At the sound of the word the good mare
made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier
bush.
He remember’d too late, on his thorny green
bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot
wisely be said.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE STORY OF CORDELIA .

LEAR, King of Britain, had three daughters : Gonerill, wife to the Duke of Albany ; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall ; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time

making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, who was more than four-score years old, and was worn out with age and the fatigues of government, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger rulers, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must before long come to him.

With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Gonerill, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, and much more to the same effect. The king, delighted to hear how much she loved him, and thinking truly that her heart went with her fine words, bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter,

he asked what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she bore for his highness — insomuch that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow upon her and her husband a third of his kingdom, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Gonerill.

Then turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say — thinking, no doubt, that she would gladden his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered. Indeed, he expected that her expressions would be much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favored by him above either of them.

But Cordelia was disgusted with the

flattery of her sisters, whose hearts, she knew, were far from their lips. She saw that all their fine speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime. She therefore made no other reply but this: that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favorite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortune.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her, that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honor him; but that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and

duty; she should never marry, like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have told him so plainly at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty, flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch that in a fury he shared the third part of his kingdom, which he had reserved for Cordelia, equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall.

He now called them to him, and in presence of all his courtiers handed over to them the government of his country, only retaining to himself the name of king. It was then arranged that the old king, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

When Lear had thus given up his power to his daughters' husbands, his courtiers were filled with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interfere, except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the angry Lear, on pain of death, commanded him to desist.

The good Kent, however, was not to be silenced. He said he would answer with his life his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love her father least, and that her plain speaking was only caused by the hollowness and flattery of her two sisters.

The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and he banished this true servant,

and allowed him but five days to make his preparations for departure. Then Kent bade farewell to the king, and said that, since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay in the land.

The King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were now called in, and were asked whether they would persist in their courtship of Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure and had no fortune. The King of France took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters, and of her father, though he had been unkind, and go with him, be queen of his heart and of fair France.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and begged them to love their father well. She was no sooner gone than the wicked natures of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colors. Even before the end of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Gonerill, the

old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances.

This wretch, having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even the hundred knights that he had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king.

Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or do anything to be rid of the sight of him. At last she plainly told her father that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he had a hundred knights about him; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number.

Lear at first could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But since she persisted in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so terrible that he cursed her; and he bid his horses be prepared, saying that he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights.

Meanwhile the good Earl of Kent had returned in disguise, and dressed like a serving-man, and calling himself Caius, had become the king's attendant. Lear now sent his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared to receive him, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Gonerill had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him.

When Lear arrived and made inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told that they were weary with traveling all night, and could not see him. The old king was very angry, and insisted that they should see him. They therefore came to greet him, and who should he see in their company but the hated Gonerill, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

Lear was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had received from her sister Gonerill. As if willing to outdo her sister, she declared that she thought fifty knights were too many to

wait upon him; that five-and-twenty were enough.

Then Lear, nigh heartbroken, turned to Gonerill, and said that he would go back with her; for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Gonerill excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty, or even ten, or five, when he might be waited upon by her servants or her sister's servants?

So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have taken away from him all his train, all that was left to show that he had once been a king! So terrible was the king's anger, and so bitterly did he feel the ingratitude of his daughters, that his wits became unsettled, and calling for his horses, he went forth into the tempest that was then raging.

Alone he set out, and presently was found by his servant Caius, exposed to all the fury of the storm, on a wild, unsheltered heath. During the night the poor king became quite

mad. He raved terribly against his daughters' ill-usage; and the next day the good Caius, who was, you will remember, the Earl of Kent, removed him to the castle of Dover, in order that he might be among friends. Then the faithful earl embarked for France, and hastened to the court of Cordelia.

There he represented in such moving terms the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colors the wicked behavior of her sisters, that this good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king, her husband, that he would give her leave to embark for England with an army sufficient to subdue these daughters and their husbands, and restore the king, her father, to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear, having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, singing aloud to himself, and

wearing on his head a crown, which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields.

He was brought back, and carefully tended by skillful doctors, until he was in a condition to see his daughter, who waited impatiently for his recovery with a heart full of love for her old and sorely-tried father. A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault.

He fell on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, knelt all the while to ask a blessing of him, and told him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true child Cordelia!

And she kissed him, as she said, to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves to turn their old, kind father with his white

beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire on such a night as that, and warmed himself.

Then she told her father how she had come from France on purpose to bring him assistance, and how she would always be dutiful and loving to him, and that he should never leave her again.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this faithful and dear child. As for those cruel daughters, they and their husbands perished miserably, as they well deserved to do.

Adapted from LAMB'S "Tales from Shakespeare."

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd
 round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to
the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be brighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising Moon,"

“Canst hear,” said one, “the broken roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.”
“Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
shock, —

“Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!”

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TOM AND MAGGIE TULLIVER

TOM was to arrive early in the afternoon,
and there was another fluttering heart be-
sides Maggie's when it was late enough for

the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came, — that quick light bowling of the gig-wheels, — and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and capstrings, she came outside the door, and even held her hand on Maggie's head.

“There he is, my sweet lad! But, Lord ha' mercy! he's got never a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound, and spoiled the set.”

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, “Hallo! Yap — what! are you there?”

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning.

“Maggie,” said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, “you don’t know what I’ve got in *my* pockets,” nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

“No,” said Maggie. “How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marbles or cobnuts?” Maggie’s heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was “no good” playing those games with *her* — she played so badly.

“Marbles! no; I’ve swopped all my marbles with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!” He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

“What is it?” said Maggie, in a whisper. “I can see nothing but a bit of yellow.”

“Why, it’s — a — new — guess, Maggie!”

“Oh, I *can’t* guess, Tom,” said Maggie, impatiently.

“Don’t be a spitfire, else I won’t tell you,” said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket and looking determined.

“No, Tom,” said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. “I’m not cross, Tom; it was only because I can’t bear guessing. *Please* be good to me.”

Tom’s arms slowly relaxed, and he said, “Well, then, it’s a new fish-line — two new uns, — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn’t go halves in the toffee and ginger-bread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn’t. And here’s hooks; see here — I say, *won’t* we go and fish to-morrow down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything; won’t it be fun?”

Maggie’s answer was to throw her arms round Tom’s neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause, —

“Wasn’t I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn’t have bought it, if I hadn’t liked.”

“Yes, very, very good — I *do* love you, Tom.”

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again.

“And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn’t give in about the toffee.”

“Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn’t fight at your school, Tom. Didn’t it hurt you?”

“Hurt me? no,” said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocket-knife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added:

“I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know; that’s what he got by wanting to leather *me*; I wasn’t going to go halves because anybody leathered me.”

“Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you’re like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you’d fight him, wouldn’t you, Tom?”

“How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There’s no lions, only in the shows.”

“No; but if we were in the lion countries, the lions eat people there. I can show it you in the book where I read it.”

“ Well, I should get a gun and shoot him.”

“ But if you hadn’t got a gun, — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking, just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run towards us roaring, and we couldn’t get away from him. What should you do, Tom?”

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, “ But the lion *isn’t* coming. What’s the use of talking?”

“ But I like to fancy how it would be,” said Maggie, following him. “ Just think what you would do, Tom.”

“ Oh, don’t bother, Maggie! you’re such a silly. I shall go and see my rabbits.”

Maggie’s heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom’s anger of all things; it was quite a different anger from her own.

“ Tom,” she said timidly, when they were out of doors, “ how much money did you give for your rabbits?”

“Two half-crowns and a sixpence,” said Tom, promptly.

“I think I’ve got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I’ll ask mother to give it you.”

“What for?” said Tom. “I don’t want *your* money, you silly thing. I’ve got a great deal more money than you, because I’m a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you’re only a girl.”

“Well, but, Tom — if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know, and buy some more rabbits with it?”

“More rabbits? I don’t want any more.”

“Oh, but, Tom, they’re all dead.”

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. “You forgot to feed ’em, then, and Harry forgot?” he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. “I’ll pitch into Harry. I’ll have him turned away. And I don’t

love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot — and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything — I wouldn't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly ; but I never *do* forget things, *I* don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom ; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.



“ ‘Indeed, Tom, I’m so very sorry.’ ”

“ Didn’t I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o’ purpose, and wouldn’t go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn’t? ”

“ Ye-ye-es — and I — lo-lo-love you so, Tom.”

“ But you’re a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I’d set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing.”

“ But I didn’t mean to,” said Maggie ; “ I couldn’t help it.”

“ Yes, you could,” said Tom, “ if you’d minded what you were doing. And you’re a naughty girl, and you shan’t go fishing with me to-morrow.”

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and to complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two ; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her

attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be; and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

“Oh, he is cruel!” Maggie sobbed aloud.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself, — hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night, — and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now — would he forgive her? Perhaps

her father would be there, and he would take her part. But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved — the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature — began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, — except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, — to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, al-

most at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?" — both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

“ You go and fetch her down, Tom,” said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, — his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon “ the little un,” else she would never have left his side. “ And be good to her, do you hear? Else I’ll let you know better.”

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprove Maggie’s punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point, — namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it. Why, he wouldn’t have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom’s step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was

going down with her swollen eyes and disheveled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench."

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me — I can't bear it — I will always be good — always remember things — do love me — please, dear Tom!"

Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling, so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved. He actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

"Don't cry, then, Magsie; here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she

put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece ; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

“Come along, Magsie, and have tea,” said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Abridged.*

A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear ;
THERE is ever a something sings alway :
THERE'S the song of the lark when the skies
are clear,
AND the song of the thrush when the skies
are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the midday
blue;

The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrup the whole night
through;

The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and
sear :

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the
snow,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair,

There is ever a song that our hearts may
hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

ONE time, while Brahmadata was king of Benares, a thousand splendid robes were presented to the king. Now there were five hundred ladies in the king's court, and to every one he gave a robe. But the Elder was the teacher of the ladies, so they brought all the given five hundred robes and gave them to him. For one good turn deserves another. He had given them wisdom, and they would give him gifts.

So the next day the ladies came to court, each in her old gown. "What!" cried the king, "did I not provide you with new gowns?" "Yes," answered the ladies,

“but we gave them to our teacher, the Elder.”

Now it was the law that an Elder should not have more than three robes. So the king sent for the Elder.

“Elder,” said the king, “how are your scholars getting on in their studies?”

“Excellently,” replied the Elder, “what they ought to learn, they learn: and what they ought to hear, they hear.”

“But are they grateful for their lessons?”

“Grateful indeed! Only yesterday they gave me five hundred robes, each worth a thousand pieces of gold.”

“But, Elder,” said the king, “the law forbids you to have more robes than three.”

“Yes, your Majesty. So I gave the robes to my five hundred brothers, whose gowns are getting ragged.”

“What will they do with their old gowns?”

“They will each one make his old robe into his coat; and his old coat into a shirt; and his old shirt into a coverlet; and his old coverlet into a towel; and his old towel into a mat; and his old mat he will cut into

little pieces and mix the bits with clay for mortar. Thus nothing will be wasted."

All this so pleased the king that he gave the Elder the other five hundred robes also. And these the Elder gave to the young brother who took care of his room, and served him with food and drink. And the brother gave them to his five hundred fellow students. So they took them and dyed them as yellow as a Kapikara flower, and came in and sat before the Master.

"Master," they said, "the Elder gave five hundred robes to one of us. Was that right? Was he not a respecter of persons, treating the one better than the others?"

But the Master said, "The Elder gave this reward to one who served him, as a sign of his gratitude. He did well; for one good turn deserves another."

. Retold from "The Jātāka."

ADVERSITY

SWEET are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TWO KINGS

FAR away in the East, many, many years ago, lived a King of Benares. He was just, and punished injustice everywhere in his kingdom so that the people lived together in peace.

Once the king said: "I must examine myself and see whether I am as good as I ought to be." He asked the councilors within his palace to tell him his faults. But they found no fault in him. Fearing that perhaps they praised him because they feared him, or desired his favor, the king turned to the people outside of the palace. But they also had no fault to find with him, and sincerely praised him for his goodness. Still, this did not satisfy the king. He thought that possibly the people might be prejudiced in his favor. So he decided to

make a journey to other lands, thinking that there he would get a more truthful judgment.

Now, at about the same time, there lived another king named Mallika, who ruled over Kosala. He, too, could find no one in his kingdom who would tell him his faults. So he, too, decided to make a journey to distant lands.

It happened that these two kings met in a place with steep walls on both sides. It was impossible for their chariots to pass each other because of the narrowness of the road. Then Mallika's driver said to the charioteer of the king of Benares : "Go back with your chariot and let us pass."

"But," the charioteer replied, "the great king of Benares sits in my chariot. Make way for him."

"In this chariot sits the king of Kosala. Clear the way for him," replied the other driver.

"What is the age of your king?" asked the charioteer of the king of Benares. He thought that the younger king would have

to make way for the older. But he learned that both kings were of the same age.

Then he made inquiry concerning Mallika's kingdom, his army, his wealth, his fame, his castle, and his family. But he soon learned that in all these things the king of Kosala was the equal of the king of Benares. Therefore, he could not demand that the other charioteer should turn back because of any difference in these things between the kings.

Finally, the driver of the king of Benares thought that there might be a difference in the righteousness of the two kings. If so, the road should be made clear for the better king.

So he called to the other driver: "What kind of righteousness does the king of Kosala practice?"

His charioteer proudly replied: "Mallika overthrows the strong by strength, and the mild by mildness. He conquers the good by goodness, and the wicked by wickedness. This is the character of the king who sits in my chariot. Make way for him!"

Then the charioteer of the king of Benares

cried : “ If these be the virtues of your king, what be his faults ? ”

To this the other charioteer answered, “ If these be not virtues, tell me what be the virtues of thy king ? ”

To which the driver of the king of Benares replied : “ My king conquers anger by calmness ; and the wicked by goodness ; he conquers the stingy by gifts ; and the speaker of lies by truth. This is the nature of my king, O charioteer ! Make way for him ! ”

The king of Kosala and his driver saw that the righteousness of the other king exceeded the righteousness of Mallika. So descending from their chariot, they humbly made way for the great and good king of Benares.

Retold from “ The Jātāka.”

LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They too will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “ Who was this that went from
thee ? ”

“ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“ To-morrow he weds with me.”

“ O God be thank'd ! ” said Alice the nurse,
“ That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare.”

“ Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my
nurse ? ”

Said Lady Clare, “ that ye speak so wild ? ”

“ As God's above,” said Alice the nurse,
“ I speak the truth : you are my child.

“The old Earl’s daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother,” she said, “if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said, “Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith?” said Alice the
nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”

“ And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“ Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“ Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”

“ O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“ So strange it seems to me.

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth? ”

“If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“And not the Lady Clare.”

“Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she
stood :

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the next in blood —

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

OF SIR BEAUMAINS AND HIS QUEST

It was the time of Pentecost, and King Arthur was holding his court in Wales. Just before noon one day, as the King was going into the banquet prepared for him, a messenger entered the hall and announced that a strange party was approaching. There were three men on horseback, he said, accompanied by a dwarf. A little later the newcomers made their entrance, two of them being roughly dressed serving-men, while the third was a tall, broad-shouldered youth of striking appearance, although somewhat plainly clad.

Having made his obeisance to the King, the young man exclaimed:

“King Arthur, I am come hither to claim three gifts of you. The first I will ask now, but the other two I will ask a year hence, when you again hold your feast.”

Arthur smiled on him graciously, and bade him proceed.

“I will ask but this, O King,” continued the youth; “that you will grant me food and

drink and lodging here for the next twelve-month."

"That is but a small thing to ask," replied the King; "is there nothing better you desire? Come, ask what you will, for I think you are not what your dress would proclaim, but that you come of good family. What is your name, pray?"

To this the youth answered that he could not tell his name yet, and that he desired nothing more than to live at the King's court, as he had said, and receive meat and drink for a twelvemonth.

King Arthur was curious to know more about this lusty youth, whose well-knit figure pleased him greatly, but as the other would say nothing further he called Sir Kay, his seneschal, and bade him treat the lad well.

Sir Kay cast a disdainful look upon his new charge, and sniffed contemptuously. "Things have come to a pretty pass, indeed," he said, "when any peasant's son who likes to come to court can have his lodging free, and feed at the King's expense the year round!"

“But he may be a great lord’s son, for all you know,” said some of the knights present. “Even King Arthur suspects him of being of noble birth.”

“Fiddlesticks!” cried Sir Kay, angrily. “He is a country boor, I promise you. Had he been aught else he would have begged for horse, and armor, and a stout lance, and a knightly quest. But this great clown — this Beaumains (Fair Hands) as we will call him — will have naught but eating and drinking, so please you! And enough of that he shall have, for he shall take his fill in the kitchen with the others, and stuff himself as fat as any pig!”

So Beaumains was given a seat among the King’s serving-men and kitchen boys, and there he lived for twelve months, as Arthur had promised him. Every day he performed the same menial tasks as his fellows, taking Sir Kay’s mocks and jeers in the best of good humors. But one thing could draw him from his work, and that was a jousting between any of the knights of the court. Then Beaumains would hie himself to the lists and watch eagerly how the

knights bore themselves with lance and sword. And whenever there were any bouts of arms and feats of strength in which he might join, he was one of the foremost; and so strong was he that none of his fellows could beat him.

At the end of the year there came to King Arthur's court a damsel who demanded redress for her mistress's wrongs. Arthur was always ready to see justice done in his kingdom, and no one ever appealed to him in vain.

"My mistress," said the damsel, "is in great peril, and prays your help. She is kept prisoner by a tyrant knight in a castle far away. Ask me not her name now, O King, for I may not tell it; but I pray you send one of your noble knights to set her free."

Now when Arthur heard her say that she might not disclose her mistress's name, he declared that none of his knights should go on such a quest unless of his own free will. The King looked round the assembled court, but no knight proffered his services. He was about to speak again, when Beau-

mains suddenly thrust himself forward and knelt at Arthur's feet.

"A boon, Sir King!" he cried. "A boon. For twelve months have I sat at your table, and now is the time for me to ask the other two gifts you promised me."

"Say on," commanded the King.

"Well, then," continued Beaumains, "I beg you to grant me this adventure, and let me ride with this damsel to rescue her mistress. And secondly, grant that Sir Lancelot may dub me knight, for I would receive knighthood from none other save thyself, O King."

"'Tis granted," cried Arthur; "it shall be thy quest, boy, and may God send thee a safe ending to it."

All present rejoiced greatly at Beaumains' good fortune, for the youth was well liked; all, that is, except the damsel herself, who now turned angrily upon the King.

"What!" she cried; "can I have no knight errant but one of thy kitchen boys? Then will I have none at all!" And so saying she called for her palfrey and rode away.

It was not long ere Beaumains was ready

to follow her, for the same dwarf who had attended him before now appeared with a fine horse and a suit of armor. And so, well equipped, save for lance and shield, he spurred after the damsel.

Sir Kay, still scornful of his kitchen-boy's prowess, now got upon his horse and rode after Beaumains, thinking to humble his pride.

"I will show you," he said to Sir Lancelot and the other knights, "how this braggart shall be taught his place."

When Beaumains heard the seneschal thundering along behind him he turned, and with his sword drawn charged full tilt at Sir Kay. The latter went down at the first shock and lay stunned, for the youth had dealt him a terrible blow upon his helm. Then Beaumains took the seneschal's shield and spear, and, arming himself with them, rode once more after the damsel.

Following close upon Sir Kay came Sir Lancelot who, calling out to Beaumains, bade him stop.

"Will you joust with me, Sir Lancelot?" asked the youth, joyfully.

“That I will,” replied the knight, and thereupon they made ready for the fray.

At the first onset both went down together, and fighting on foot with their swords they battled fiercely for a long time. Sir Lancelot was surprised to find what a formidable adversary Beaumains proved to be, for he himself was one of the foremost of the Round Table knights, and very few could withstand him in the field. At last Sir Lancelot cried: “Beaumains, I pray you fight not so strongly. We have no quarrel, and I am fain to rest awhile.”

So the youth ceased fighting, and the two talked together. When Sir Lancelot pressed him, Beaumains acknowledged that he was truly of noble birth, and that he was Sir Gareth, the son of the King of Orkney. His mother, he said, had sent him to Arthur’s court well equipped with knightly gear, but he had determined that what knighthood he won should be through his prowess alone, and not because of his high rank. And thus he had disguised himself as we know. Sir Lancelot gladly knighted the youth on hearing his story, for

he felt assured that Beaumains was destined to do great deeds. Then, leaving him, he hastened back to Arthur's court.

On overtaking the damsel, who had hardly waited to see the result of the combat, Beaumains found himself greeted with anything but welcome words.

"Faugh!" said she, drawing away from him; "has this scullion knave come back to me?" And vowing that his clothes smelt of the kitchen she ordered him to be gone, for he should not ride with her.

Still Beaumains, for all that she laughed and scoffed at him, refused to abandon the quest, and they rode on together. On the way the youth overcame two knights who barred his passage at a ford in a river, and slew them; but the damsel declared that he had killed them by mischance, and said that there was an adventure before him that she warranted would make him flinch.

"Let that be as it may be," returned the youth; "I will not give up this quest until I have rescued your mistress. And I care not who those doughty knights be who guard her so well."

It was not many hours later before they came to a forest wherein a tall black knight seated on a black charger met their view. All this knight's trappings, and even his shield and spear, were in black. At sight of him Beaumains couched his lance and pulled down the vizor of his helm. Presently the other knight bore down upon him, and with a crash as of thunder they dashed together. For a full hour or more they fought, and in the end Beaumains struck the other so sorely that the Black Knight fell from his horse and died.

Despite this deed the damsel still mocked her companion, declaring that chance alone had favored him, and that he need not hope to escape from the knight's two brothers, whom he had yet to meet. To all of which the youth answered nothing, save to say that he was ready for whatever fortune might send him.

The second foe whom Beaumains encountered was a knight who was appareled in green. This knight he served as he had done the other, but for sparing his life at the damsel's request. After this Beaumains

thought she would soften towards him, but, nevertheless, she continued to jeer at him and call him "foul kitchen-boy," as before.

Riding on their way, they came in time to where the third of the brethren — he who was known as the Red Knight — was awaiting him. At a given signal the two rushed together and shivered their lances on each other's shields. Then, fighting on foot, they fell to fiercely with their swords, until finally the Red Knight was overthrown and lay helpless on the ground. Beaumains now made ready to slay him, too, for he resolved that the damsel should again entreat him to show mercy. This at length she did, whereupon he bade the Red Knight rise and betake himself with his brother, the Green Knight, to Arthur's court, there to tell how they had been worsted and overthrown.

Yet another doughty adversary, Sir Per-sant of Inde, or the Blue Knight, had Beaumains to overcome, and only now, on his proving himself the victor once more, did the damsel leave off reviling him and



“The two rushed together and shivered their lances.”

begin to feel ashamed of her words. But Beaumains bore her no malice and forgave her readily. And to Sir Persant and the damsel, whose name was Lynette, he revealed his true name, much to their astonishment, for they all along deemed him to be of lowly birth.

When the Lady Lyonors, who was being held captive in the castle, was informed of the champion who was coming to release her, she sent word to her sister Lynette (for such the damsel was) to see to Beaumains' wants, and prepare him for the last battle that was before him. For he had yet to meet another famous Red Knight, who was stronger far than any of the others.

In due course Beaumains and the damsel arrived at the castle, and here the Red Knight rode out to do battle with him. Of all those whom the youth had encountered, this knight was indeed the fiercest, and he had hard work to contend against the other's terrible blows. Eventually, however, he conquered, and the Red Knight had to sue for mercy.

So Beaumains, or Sir Gareth, as he should

be rightly called, achieved his quest, and released Lynette's sister from her prison. Being himself sorely wounded, he remained some time in the castle, where he was nursed by the Lady Lyonors and ere long won her love. When they returned together to Arthur's court never was such a noble wedding as that of Sir Gareth and his lady. And of all, none was so pleased at the happy termination of the adventure as King Arthur, for he ever loved to see a man prove himself a worthy and valiant knight.

From "Fairy Tales Old and New."

A MODEST WIT

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East —

Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich —

A governor, or general, at the least,

I have forgotten which —

Had in his family a humble youth,

Who went from England in his patron's suit,

An unassuming boy, in truth

A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and
wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

“Young man,” he said, “by what art, craft,
or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?”—
“He was a saddler, sir,” Modestus said,
“And in his time was reckon’d good.”

“A saddler, eh ! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew !
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you ? ”

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went
round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,

Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
“Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father’s trade ! ”

“My father’s trade ! by heaven, that’s too
bad !

My father’s trade ? Why, blockhead, are you
mad ?

My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I’d have you know.”

“Excuse the liberty I take,”

Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
“Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you ? ”

SELLECK OSBORNE.

THE STORY OF ALI COGIA

THERE once lived at Bagdad a worthy merchant named Ali Cogia, a man of a moderate fortune, who was contented with his situation and was, therefore, happy.

It happened that for three nights in succession, he dreamed that an old man came to him, and, with a severe look, reprimanded

him for not having made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Ali Cogia knew that, as a good Mussulman, it was his duty to go, and at last, as a result of these dreams, his conscience was so troubled that he decided to start forth.

He turned his property into money; half of which he laid out in merchandise, to traffic with as he journeyed. The other half he put into a jar, which he filled with olives and took to the house of a friend, asking him to keep it in his warehouse till the caravan should return from Mecca. He spoke of it only as a jar of olives, without saying a word of the money at the bottom of it. Nouredin, his friend, very obligingly gave him the key of his warehouse. "Set your jar where you please," said he, "and it shall remain untouched till you return."

When the caravan was ready, Ali Cogia set out for Mecca, where he performed very exactly all those ceremonies that are observed at that holy place. From there he went to Cairo, and to Damascus, trading all the way to considerable advantage. As he

wished to see the world, he went to other celebrated places. In short, he took so long a journey, that seven years elapsed before he returned to Bagdad.

All this time the jar of olives stood undisturbed in Noureddin's warehouse. But a few days before Ali Cogia came home, it happened that the wife of Noureddin wished some olives. "There's the jar of olives that Ali Cogia left with us so long ago," he said, "I will go and look at them."

"Pray, don't do that," replied his wife. "It isn't honorable to meddle with anything left in your care as a trust." But in spite of all his wife could say, Noureddin insisted on going to the warehouse and opening the jar. He found that all the olives at the top were moldy.

"They may be better at the bottom," said he to himself, emptying them all out and with them the bag of gold that Ali Cogia had put there.

Now Noureddin was a man who was very careful of his reputation. But in his heart he was a slave to avarice, and like many covetous men, he was only as honest as his

interest obliged him to be. At the sight of so much money he determined to seize it. Finding, however, that he could not replace the olives so as to look as they did before, he threw them away and put in new ones. Then he went back to his wife. "You were right," he said, "the olives are indeed moldy and not fit to eat. But I have left them just as I found them, and if Ali Cogia ever returns he will not see that they have been touched."

"I wish that you had not meddled with them at all," said his wife. "Heaven grant that no harm may come of it."

As soon as Ali Cogia returned, his first thought was of his gold and he went at once to see Nouredin. "It is, indeed, good to see you back," said his false friend, "and now I suppose you will want your jar of olives. Here is the key of the warehouse where you placed it. No one has touched it since you left it there."

Ali Cogia, thanking him very much for his kindness, took his jar home, but was surprised to find, on turning out the olives, that the gold had been taken away. He

hardly knew what to think. "My friend cannot be so dishonest as to have stolen it," said he. "He must have taken it out, meaning to repay me and now he has forgotten."

So he returned to Noureddin and told him that he had left a thousand pieces of gold in the jar besides the olives. "If you have taken them to use in trade," said he, "you are perfectly welcome to them, only give me your written word that you will return them."

But Noureddin argued to himself that as Ali Cogia could not prove that there had ever been any gold in the jar, he was quite safe in keeping it, all the more because he was well known in the city, while Ali Cogia had been away for so long that people had more or less forgotten him.

Nor was he mistaken. After he had indignantly sent off Ali Cogia, saying that he knew nothing about his gold, Ali Cogia went to a judge with his complaint. But he got no satisfaction.

"It is true," said Noureddin to the judge, "that Ali Cogia, seven years ago, at his own

request, left a jar in my warehouse, which he told me was filled with olives. He carried it there himself, left it where he pleased, and found it in the same place, covered as he left it. He did not leave it in my care as a treasure. He cannot prove that he put a treasure in it. Might he not as sensibly demand a jar of diamonds? I declare on my oath that I never had this money or knew that there was any in the jar.”

The judge found that Ali Cogia had no proof to support his case, except his word, so he dismissed the complaint after letting Noureddin justify himself on oath. Ali Cogia, however, was not willing to put up so easily with his loss. He appealed to the Caliph and a day was fixed for the hearing. Noureddin was summoned to attend.

The evening before the trial, the Caliph and his Grand Vizier were walking in disguise about the city when they met a group of children playing in the park.

“Come,” said one of the children, “let us play at being judge. I will be the judge. Bring Ali Cogia, and the merchant who cheated him of his gold before me.”



“‘Let us play at being judge.’”

Now the judge was interested to see how the children would play this game, so he sat down on a bench not far from them and motioned to his attendant to be silent.

The pretended judge took his seat. Then the boy who was to represent Ali Cogia was brought in, and after making a low bow he told his story and begged the judge to deal fairly by him. The one who represented Nouredin next defended himself, saying just what the real merchant had said and offering to swear that he was innocent.

Another boy was about to administer the oath when the judge said:

“Not so fast, let me see the jar of olives. Have you brought it here?”

“No,” said Ali Cogia, “but I can have it brought in a moment from my house.”

“Do you both admit,” said the judge, after the jar was brought, “that this is the jar that you are disputing about?”

Both men identified it, and the young judge then ordered it to be opened and pretended to eat some of the fruit.

“These olives,” said he, “are excellent.

I cannot think that they have been kept for seven years. Send for a couple of olive merchants."

Two other lads stood forward to testify, as olive merchants. The judge asked them how long olives would remain fit to eat.

"Sir," they answered, "with the utmost care they lose their taste and color by the third year and can no longer be eaten."

"Look, then," said the young judge, "into that jar, and tell me how old those olives are."

The two imaginary merchants seemed to examine and taste the olives and reported them to be new and good.

"New!" replied the judge. "Noureddin is ready to swear that they have stood seven years in his warehouse!"

"It is impossible," said the olive merchant; "we know better, and are sure that these olives are of this year's growth."

The imaginary criminal would have replied, but the judge would not hear him. "You are a rogue," said he, "and ought to be hanged." Then the children put an end to their play, by clapping their hands with

joy and leading their prisoner away to execution.

The Caliph, meanwhile, was listening with great interest to the mock trial. After musing a few moments, he ordered his Grand Vizier to find the boy who had played the part of the magistrate and to bring him to the trial the next day. He also directed the judge and two olive merchants to attend, and sent orders to Ali Cogia that he should bring the jar of olives with him.

At the hour set for the trial the child was brought in and presented to the Caliph, who asked him if it was he who had tried the case the evening before at play. The boy answered modestly that it was he.

The Caliph, seeing that the boy was awed by his presence tried to set him at his ease. "You shall now, my boy," said he, "decide between the real parties. Come and sit down by me."

The Caliph then took him by the hand and seated him on the throne at his side and asked for the two merchants. When they had come forward and bowed, he said to them:

“Plead now your cause before this boy and he will hear and do you both justice. If he seems to be at a loss, I will assist him.”

Everyone present was very much interested in this extraordinary trial where a boy was to be the judge. Ali Cogia and Nouredin pleaded against each other much in the same manner as the children had in their game. When Nouredin offered to take his oath, the boy stopped him saying, “It is too soon; let us first see the jar of olives.”

The merchants now examined the olives and the Caliph tasted one. Everything that the children had done in play was repeated seriously before the Caliph. The treachery of Nouredin was apparent, but the child, at this point, instead of ordering him to be hanged, looked up to the Caliph and said: “Commander of the faithful, this is not play; it is your majesty who must mete out the punishment and not I, though I did it last night among my comrades.”

The Caliph, fully convinced of Nouredin's villainy, ordered him into the hands of his ministers of justice to be punished, and gave back to Ali Cogia the money that rightfully

belonged to him. Then turning to the judge, he reprimanded him severely and bade him learn from the child how to do his duty in the future. Before leaving, he embraced the boy and sent him home to his parents with a purse of a hundred gold pieces.

From "The Arabian Nights."

A NOBLE WOMAN

ONE day in May, in the year 1780, a little girl named Elizabeth Gurney was born in the cathedral town of Norwich. Her parents belonged to the Society of Friends, but were not of the stricter sort; and Elizabeth grew up a gay, lively girl, fond of attending balls and concerts, and of wearing fine clothes.

When she was about seventeen, however, a good American gentleman visited her home, and the talks she had with him led her to make a more earnest use of her life. She began to wish to do good, and she set about helping the poor and the sick around her home. She even started a school, and

had wonderful skill in teaching the seventy poor children who attended it.

At the age of twenty she became the wife of a Mr. Fry, and left her country home for London. There she still helped the poor and wretched, and her name after a time became especially connected with work in prisons.

She heard from some of her friends of the terrible state of the female prisoners in Newgate jail. At that time the laws were far more severe than they are to-day, and there were many more criminals. Newgate was crowded with a vast number of prisoners, both men and women, and their condition was shocking in the extreme.

Three hundred women, some of them with little children, were crowded into a very small space, where they lived more like wild animals than human beings. They were given no work to do; some of them had scarcely any clothes; they cooked, ate, and slept in the same rooms, and at night lay on the bare and filthy floor without bed-clothes to cover them.

Old and young were huddled together,

those who had committed but slight offenses with those who had been guilty of the most dreadful crimes. The cells rang with the yells of violent women and the cries of their children; and even the governor and the jailers of the prison were afraid to venture into the place.

Mrs. Fry was sick at heart when she heard of this misery. She made up her mind to visit the jail, and do what she could to improve the condition of the poor women. Her friends tried to keep her back, warning her that she would be robbed and hurt; but her pity was stronger than her fears. With one friend she visited the prison, and was admitted to the women's wards.

"It was like a den of wild beasts," she afterwards said. Fierce women were struggling together, some were singing, some dancing, and others were drinking and quarreling over their games at cards.

The appearance of two quiet, gentle, neatly-dressed ladies struck silence into this noisy crew. When Mrs. Fry began to read, in her clear, impressive voice, some

passages from the gospels, the din was hushed, and the women listened with attention.

That was the beginning of the wonderful work done by Mrs. Fry for the prisoners. She did not merely read to them and pray with them, she provided clothes and work for them, and started in the prison a school for the children. She got the governor to separate the hardened criminals from those who were not so bad, and to allow her to put in force a plan for keeping the prisoners employed. They were soon tamed: the change made in their conduct was marvelous.

When her good work became known, many people were eager to help her, and everybody praised her. One day, old Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III, said she would like to see her, and Mrs. Fry, by some chance, went into a room at the Mansion House where a large meeting was being held, at which the queen was present.

The queen stepped forward and spoke in the most kindly way to Mrs. Fry, and all

the people, seeing these two good women together, burst into hearty cheers.

The government asked Mrs. Fry's advice as to the best way of reforming the prisons of the country. Foreign nations consulted her on the same matter, and once the King of Prussia, when visiting England, went with her to Newgate to see the improvements she had brought about, and afterwards took tea in her house, like one of her own family.

Before her death, in 1845, this noble woman did much good work in other ways at home and abroad. Her patience, self-denial, and unfailing kindness won the love and respect of all who knew her; and she deserves to be always remembered as a benefactor to mankind.

Selected.

THE LIGHT OF STARS

THE night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
Oh no ! from that blue tent above
A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

GIRLS and boys of the present day can hardly imagine what deep feeling swept through England in the deadly winter of 1854-55 when it became known that a lady had left her comfortable home to go to lighten the sufferings of the wounded soldiers in the south of Russia.

A fearful war was in progress there, between Russia on the one side, and France and England on the other, and the arrange-

ments for treating the sick and wounded were of the worst kind. For some weeks, more than a thousand patients had no bedsteads to lie upon. They lay either on the floor or on boards around the hospital wards. Their beds of chaff were quite unwholesome. The meat served for their meals was so badly cooked that they could not eat it.

A great outcry was raised at home. Something must be done. Miss Florence Nightingale was requested to take charge of a band of nurses to go out to the seat of war and try to improve the arrangements. She had, in former years, trained herself for such work by visiting hospitals at home and abroad, and she consented at once to undertake the task.

She departed with the best wishes of all her countrymen. In France, so highly did the people admire her action, that when she crossed the Channel with her band of nurses, the French hotel keepers refused to accept payment for their lodging, and the fisherwomen of Boulogne carried their luggage through the town.

Thousands of ladies at home sent help

to her. The queen herself, the young princesses, and the ladies of the court made woolen garments to be distributed amongst the sick soldiers.

When she arrived at the seat of war she found a pitiable state of things. Men and horses were perishing for want of food, although there was plenty within a few miles. The arrangements were so bad that both food and clothing failed to reach those for whom they were intended. Often the soldiers were obliged to walk miles in deep mud to get food after a hard day's work in the trenches.

In one of her letters, Miss Nightingale says: "Fancy working five nights out of seven in the trenches. Fancy being thirty-six hours in them at a stretch, often forty-eight hours, with no food but raw salt pork sprinkled with sugar, rum, and biscuit; nothing hot, because the exhausted soldier could not collect his own fuel, as he was expected to do, to cook his own food. And fancy through all this the army preserving their courage and patience as they have done, and being now eager (the old ones

more than the young ones) to be led even into the trenches."

Into such scenes as these, and worse, was Florence Nightingale brought. She had not to nurse a few soldiers, but a multitude. On November 7th she took charge of six hundred soldiers wounded in one battle, and in three weeks the number had increased to three thousand. A few months after her arrival no fewer than ten thousand sick and wounded soldiers were under her care. Hundreds would have died but for the help brought them by Miss Nightingale and her noble band of lady nurses.

Her work was incessant. The Lady-in-Chief, as she was called, would remain on her feet for twenty hours together in order to see the wounded properly cared for. By her untiring labors she at last brought order where there had been disorder, and cleanliness where there had been filth.

Her presence filled the poor sufferers with patience and courage. Her influence over the soldiers was immense, and during the whole of this dreadful time no soldier was ever wanting in respect or obedience to her.

Under the heavy strain, her health broke down, but she would not give up. Her fearless spirit overcame all obstacles until the end of the war.

When she returned to England her praise was in everybody's mouth. But she steadily refused all public reward, and retired quietly to her country home. A sum of £50,000 that was raised to commemorate her services was used at her request for building a training home for nurses.

While confined to her house for many years by constant ill health, she never ceased to labor for the welfare of her fellow subjects at home and abroad, and her name will be ever remembered with honor and respect wherever the English language is spoken.

Selected.

FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a
gun?

Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?

And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from speech re-
 frained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine !

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE RISKS OF A FIREMAN'S LIFE

WHEN we see a fire company dashing on its way in answer to an alarm, we stop to admire the stirring picture that it presents. . . . Then we pass on our way, and in the whirl of city life this incident is soon forgotten. And yet this company may return with many of its members bruised and sore, while others are perhaps conveyed to near-by hospitals, mortally wounded. It is not always the fire that makes the biggest show that is the hardest to fight. The fire that goes roaring through the roof of a building, lighting up the city for miles around, is sometimes much more easily subdued than the dull, smoky cellar or sub-cellar fire that forces the men to face the severest kind of "punishment," the effects of which are

felt for weeks afterward, before it is controlled.

At a sub-cellar fire that occurred one night, a few years ago, on lower Broadway, I saw over a dozen men laid out on the sidewalk, overcome by the smoke. A gruesome sight it was, too, with the dim figures of the ambulance surgeons, lanterns in hand, working over them, and the thick smoke for a background.

These were brave fellows, who had dashed in with the lines of hose, only to be dragged out afterward by their comrades, nearly suffocated by the thick, stifling smoke that poured in volumes from every opening in the basement. Over one hundred and fifty feet of "deadlights," or grating, over the sidewalk had to be broken in that night before the cellars were relieved sufficiently of the smoke with which they were charged to allow the men to go in and extinguish the fire. This required the combined work of the crews of five hook-and-ladder companies, who broke in the ironwork with the butt ends of their axes, — the hardest kind of work.

But the newspapers the following morning gave this fire only a ten or twelve line notice, mentioning the location and the estimated loss, and adding that "it was a severe fire to subdue." No word of the suffering the men were forced to face before this fire was under control; no mention of the dash after dash into the cellar with the heavy line of hose, only to be driven back to the street by the smoke, or to be dragged out afterward nearly unconscious; nor of the thud after thud with the heavy axes on the thick iron grating that required twenty or thirty blows before any impression could be made on it. This was muscle-straining, lung-taxing work that the average man has to face only once in a lifetime; but the firemen in a large city have it always before them; and each tap on the telegraph may mean the signal to summon them to a task that requires the utmost strength and nerve.

While speaking of cellar fires, let me relate an incident that happened to some companies in the down-town district. It was in the sub-cellar of a crockery and glass warehouse, amid the straw used to pack the

glassware. It sent forth a dense, stifling smoke, and was an ugly fire to fight. I will relate it in the way in which it was told me by a fireman in one of the companies that were summoned to subdue it.

“The station came in one night at 11.30. We rolled, and found the fire in Barclay Street, in a crockery warehouse, — burning straw, jute, excelsior, and all that sort of stuff in the sub-cellar. Smoke? I never saw such smoke since I’ve been in the business. We went through the building, and found the fire hadn’t got above the cellar. We tried to get the line down the cellar stairs, but it was no use. No one could live on that stairway for a minute. The chief then divided us up, sent out a second [a second alarm], and we sailed in to drown it out; 27 engine got the rear; 7 engine the stairway, to keep it from coming up; and our company, 29, got the front. We pried open the iron cellar doors on the pavement, only to find that the elevator, used to carry freight to the bottom, had been run up to the top. Here were four inches of Georgia pine to cut through! And phew! *such* work in *such* smoke!

“ Well, we got through this, opened it up, and — out it all came! No flames, just smoke, and with force to suffocate a man in a second. We backed out to the gutter and got a little fresh air in our lungs, and went at it again. We brought a thirty-five foot ladder over from the truck and lowered it through this opening, and found *we couldn't touch bottom*. A forty-five foot ladder was put down, and only three rungs remained above the sidewalk; this showed that there was over forty feet of cellar and sub-cellar! And down to this place we had to go with the line. Well, the sooner we got at it the sooner it was over, so, shifting the line over the top rung of the ladder, so it wouldn't get caught, down we started. It was only forty feet, but I can tell you it seemed like three hundred and forty before we got to the bottom. Of course, when we got there it wasn't so bad; the smoke lifted, and gave us a corner in the cellar shaft where we could work, and we soon drove the fire away to the rear and out; but going down we got a dose of smoke we'll all remember to our last days.”

It is not alone in saving lives from fire that the firemen show of what heroic stuff they are made; in the simple discharge of their daily duty they are often forced to risk life over and over again in deeds of daring about which we hear little, — deeds that are repeated at almost every serious fire to which they are called.

CHARLES T. HILL.

HE WHO HAS A THOUSAND FRIENDS

HE who has a thousand friends has not a
friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him
everywhere.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A HERO OF THE FISHING FLEET

ON one occasion our fleet was fishing on the shallow ground that stretches away off the "Sylt." Fish were plentiful then on the sandy ground there, but it was a big risk for so many vessels to go so far back in shallow water in a bight like that. We were

in all a hundred and thirty sail, yet we had such complete trust in the capability of our admiral, and were so keen on getting more fish than any one else, that in we all went. Our skipper ventured in the farthest of all, as he always did, without thought of consequences. We made a big haul that day, right in sight of the land. At sundown the wind was still off shore, and only a nice fresh fishing breeze at that. So the admiral showed his lights for a first night haul over the same ground, and we crept in even nearer under the shore. The wind freshened before midnight into a two-reef breeze, and some of the more cautious men hauled their nets and made a good offing for themselves. Not so our skipper. He was cheerily singing away in one of his reckless moods, and the little *Osprey* went flying along, her lee rail almost under water, but with never an inch of canvas shortened, for she was gathering the haddocks up into her net in a way that meant more comforts for the "Toe-biters."

Suddenly the wind chopped right round on to the land. Rockets at once flashed up

into the sky, telling the fleet to haul at once, and make for the open. The leemost vessels were ten miles from the admiral, however, and long before they got their nets on board a very nasty sea was running. For it took us a long while to haul, in those days, and a sea makes very quickly in shallow water. Our big catch now nearly proved our ruin, for "Darkie Jim" never lost a haddock that he could possibly save, and it took us full two hours to heave nearly three tons of fish aboard. There were no lights in sight when we started to beat to windward, for we learned afterwards that the skippers of no less than forty vessels had chopped away their valuable gear to save time, and perhaps their vessels and crews. Not so "Darkie Jim": he wasn't built that way. But that is the only reason that, in spite of his gigantic strength and coolness, we were the last vessel to start into the wind's eye that night. After what seemed to me ages, we were at last all ready, and the bow-line was loosed, and away tore our stanch little craft.

It was pitch dark now, and we could neither see when we must tack nor tell

whether we were gaining or losing ground. To help the vessel do herself justice in that confined space, the skipper held on each way, till even down below we could hear the breakers on the land roaring above the howling of the storm. Having ordered all hands below, the skipper himself remained on deck, lashed to the wheel. Only at the moment we were head on to sea, at the tacks, were we allowed to rush forward and change over the sails. We hadn't shortened an inch of canvas, and now we could not if we wished to. Luckily our topsails had blown to rags and eased us a little, for the wind kept freshening. Of course we had all the driving power we could handle, and the only marvel was that none of the huge seas hit us, or came aboard. How many hundreds must just have missed us, I don't know. Now and again the tail end of a spiteful one that had missed us by not more than a yard or so, would drop a ton of water over our rail as it swung by, wash down the cabin stairway, and give us a foot of water on the floor to show us what it could have done, if only it had hit us fair and square.

But these things only served to make the skipper more cheery, and as he sang out, "All right below, boys?" he always added one of his quaint bits of talk to the sea, chaffing it as if it was alive and could understand him.

Hour after hour went by, the skipper still at the wheel, nursing the ship he loved so as to save every inch of ground, and dodging the seas rather by instinct than by sight, for morning seemed to be endlessly delayed. Like all good things, however, it came to those who waited, and we could make out that, owing to the necessity of nursing the ship from the breaking seas, we had put very little distance yet between us and the breakers under our lee. The skipper seemed as fresh as paint still, prattling to the ship as if it were one of his own "Toe-biters," encouraging her and praising her whenever she escaped a sea by a hair's breadth.

Suddenly he sang out, "Come and take the wheel, Bill. There is some poor devil to wind'ard clean swept. I'll go aloft and try to make him out."

I was at the wheel in a second, for you

may be sure no one had his boots off that night. The skipper went aloft, and as we rose and fell over the seas, I could see him straining his eyes through the driving spume. At last he came aft again, clawing his way, like a great crab, by the life line he had rigged.

"It's the *Sarah and Anne*," he roared. "She's clean swep'. The men are still on deck, and they've got a bit o' buntin' on the mast stump. Skipper Jack's got kids ashore. We must make a try for them."

"You don't mean you are going to try and get the boat out, do you?"

"Here, take the wheel," he fairly shouted at me. "There's no time to waste. Don't leave the wheel, yourself, Bill, and for God's sake watch her. I'll go below and get some one to come with me. All hands on deck!" he bawled, and almost as soon as he spoke the three others came tumbling up from below.

"What? get the boat out in a sea like this? Why, there ain't no chance whatever."

We were all certain of that, and thought it simply madness to suggest it.

“I’d go with you anywheres, skipper,” said Tom, our third hand, “if there was the leastest scrap of a chance. But a life boat wouldn’t live in *that* sea, and besides we could never get her out anyhow.”

“Forrard and get the gripes loose,” he shouted. “Bill, old lad, heave her to, and have an eye to the boat as long as you can. Take the ship home, if I don’t come back. I’ll go alone, if no one will come.”

In next to no time the boat was on the rail, and almost as quickly she was flying down the deck before a lumping sea, her bilge stove in as she struck the capstan with a heavy thud.

“Quick, boys! that old paraffin tin and some spun yarn,” he shouted; and almost before we knew it, she was on the rail again, a great patch of tin, oakum, canvas, and tarry spun yarn over the hole.

“Now!” he roared; and then a sea shot her out like an arrow, taut to the end of the stout bass painter, and in a moment she was hammering into our lee quarter and the skipper was in, his jackknife open in his teeth; and the next, the painter cut, he was

only a speck visible as his boat rose on the crest of a larger wave than usual. But not before Tom had tumbled into the boat with him.

"I didn't expect to see you any more, Bill," he told me afterwards, "but I couldn't stay and see the old man go alone."

The very first sea they met swept away both their oars like so much matchwood, and all Tom can remember is that he and the skipper set to work bailing for their lives with their sou'westers, for the same sea had more than half filled the boat. Tom never thought a moment about the *Sarah and Anne*. He never had thought they had any chance of reaching her, anyhow, so he forgot all about everything but getting the water out, till suddenly a sea flung them alongside something like a sunken rock. Somehow the water in the bottom of the boat was alive with half a dozen men, and then once more they were clear again, and working away at the water as before. You must know we never row our small boats to windward, even when boarding fish in fine weather: we always run down to them after

they have drifted past the fish carrier, and pick them up.

Though I had sent our deckie to the cross-trees the moment the boat left, we had lost sight of both her and the wreck almost immediately, and had seen nothing since. What should I do? Run to leeward on a fool's errand and so lose all the ground we had fought so hard for all night, or accept the inevitable and let the story of one more fisherman's self-sacrifice be forgotten, except in the desolate little home to which we could carry nothing but a flag half-mast? "Mind you take her home safe if you can," had been almost the skipper's last words. For the ship was his own, the one result of his life's labors, and all that there would be left to provide for his loved ones. Our cook lad, only fifteen years of age, was eager to risk everything for the skipper's life; for the man had been a father to him. It looked like running into the very gates of hell, as we looked at the mass of white foam behind us, and the pitiless headlands on each side of us, now plainly visible. We seemed caught like a rat in a trap.

Thank God we tried it. While I sent the lad forward to loose the sheets, I was watching a chance to let her pay off without being caught in the trough of the sea. At last we were round, and on we flew before the gale, till it seemed certain that to go any farther meant striking the sands. I was about to "heave to" again and have one more struggle to save the ship, when the deckie began waving frantically over our starboard bow. He swung down the throat halyards in half a moment, and as I wrenched at the tiller lanyards with every ounce of strength I had, to give her a port helm, I heard him yelling, "The boat! the boat!" He ran forward with the log line, and stood waiting as the good old *Osprey* shot up into the wind once more. There was suddenly a loud crash. It was the boat pounding itself to pieces against our counter; and then I saw eight figures sprawling on our deck.

I have often noticed, when the storm seems to have done its worst and has been beaten, it suddenly goes down. So it was on this occasion. A very slight change in

the wind's direction gave us just what we needed, so that on our very next tack we were able to head up, till we cleared the Southern Head, and forty-eight hours later we were abreast of dear Old Flamborough light.

Such things were done, and soon forgotten, by men that neither expected nor received reward or praise for their noble deeds. Their only spur was the generous impulse of their own big hearts, and their real mead the fact that they proved themselves worthy of the traditions of the sailor.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL. *Abridged.*

From "The Harvest of the Sea," by Wilfred T. Grenfell. Copyright, 1905, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the
west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was
the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons
had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped
not for stone,
He swam the Esk River where ford there
was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in
war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and
brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on
his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never
a word),
“ O come ye in peace here, or come ye in
war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord
Lochinvar? ” —

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied ; —

Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
its tide —

And now am I come, with this lost love of
mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of
wine.

There are maidens in Scotland more lovely
by far,

That would gladly be bride to the young
Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight
took it up,

He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
the cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked
up to sigh,

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her
eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
bar, —

“Now tread we a measure!” said young
Lochinvar,

So stately his form, and so lovely her
face,
That never a hall such a galliard did
grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father
did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere
better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the
charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he
swung,
So light to the saddle before her he
sprung! —
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush,
and scaur ;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they
rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie
Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did
they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young
Lochinvar ?

WALTER SCOTT.

ONE OF THE BUSIEST WOMEN OF NEW YORK

FOR more than twenty-five years, on the days before Thanksgiving and Christmas, a rare sight has been witnessed on Second Avenue, New York City, in one of the tenement districts. On each of those days about two hundred women and children, each equipped with a capacious basket, have thronged the neighboring street, and filed through the narrow hallway of the front house, through the unattractive back

yard, to a rear tenement house, where each has been given materials for a holiday dinner. Each "dinner" has always consisted of a fowl, and groceries and vegetables enough to last an ordinary family a week, and is the result of the loving thought and effort of Mrs. Bella Cook, who has not been out of that house for forty-three years nor off her bed for forty-three years.

During all that time, although never rising to a sitting posture, and in constant pain, shut away from the world and all that we are accustomed to think makes life attractive, with never a sight of tree or shrub or blade of grass, with only a narrow strip of blue sky showing between the ugly sky lines of the buildings and above the pulley lines with their unsightly array, Mrs. Cook has spent an active and joyous life. I said to her once: "What weary days you must have spent here, Mrs. Cook!" She replied in her bright, emphatic manner: "Weary! not one. When ministers and other people pray with me, and tell the Lord what a dreadful time I have had, and how He has afflicted me, I tell them that I had rather

they would not pray for me at all than to do so in that way. I have not been so afflicted. My years have been happy."

"Talk about heroism," said one, recently. "I can see how one can be brave in the face of danger to himself or others when nerved to it by excitement, or can sacrifice his life for a noble purpose when stimulated by enthusiasm; but to lie on a bed of pain in that forlorn place for almost half a century, and overlook one's own suffering, and control tortured nerves, all for the sake of the rank and file of unfortunate humanity, — well, in my mind, Mrs. Cook has out-heroed heroism!"

A first visit to this remarkable woman must always be a surprise, however familiar with the facts one may be. As one climbs the staircase to the second floor and knocks at the door, a brisk, cheery voice, very unlike that of an invalid, says, "Come in." Except the bed, the room lacks all the characteristics of a sick room. The face on the pillow may quiver with a paroxysm of pain, but a bright smile always greets one, and there is a welcome in the very

air. The little room is exquisitely clean, the tiny cookstove shines like a mirror, pictures and friendly tokens are about the room, and there are always flowers. A maid does the work, and cares for her. Her bedstead was made especially for her, and was given to her in 1871. She has never been off it since that time. By an arrangement of straps and pulleys, head or feet or knees may be raised or lowered, or she can be raised on a canvas to allow her bed to be made and the mattress to be turned and changed. A large broad shelf swings back and forth on a level with her hands, encircling her body. This Mr. John Stephenson, the street-car manufacturer, had made for her. It holds her work, writing materials, and all that she needs for her day's work.

Everything is done that it is possible to do in that place to make her comfortable and her surroundings attractive. Among other things, a telephone was once tried, connecting her bed with the pulpit of the Rose Hill Methodist church, of which she has been a member for more than fifty

years. The effort to listen through it, however, wearied her, and it was removed. During the years many physicians have been consulted with reference to moving her from the house, and every expedient has been discussed; but all have agreed that the attempt would result in her death, and that she could not live to reach the street.

Her "office hours," as she laughingly calls her day, are from nine to six, and between those hours she is seldom alone. She has a keen sense of humor, and understands human nature intuitively. Men and women with all sorts of needs come to her. Well-known society people find their way to her humble home, seeking comfort in bereavement and trouble. Erring ones, those in search of work, the needy — all come to this apparently most helpless woman for counsel and aid. There is a continual coming for a dime for a night's lodging, for food, for the wherewithal with which to redeem things from the laundry or from pawn, able-bodied men who can "get work to-morrow, ma'am, if I can only get a shave

and a clean shirt," — and so her busy days go by. And all get all that that noble soul can give them. Many a one has received there the first upward impulse to a new life, and found a before unknown hope and joy and peace. Every one who comes gets a hearing, and all who appeal to her credulity go down in her little book and are "looked up" by her helpers. I once asked her if she never reached the end of her resources. "Oh, yes!" she said. "But then I write to some of my rich people, and tell them that I am in a hole, and that it is not my work, but the Lord's; and they respond."

Mrs. Cook was born in Hull, England, in 1821. She and her husband started for this country with their three little children in 1847. The baby was one of the twenty-five persons to die on the ship during the tedious seven weeks voyage. Mrs. Cook had not learned patience in those days, and her grief for her child was immoderate and uncontrollable. Her husband died of cholera two years after their arrival.

To support herself and her two little ones,

she took in fine sewing. In that way she made some very rich and influential friends, the ladies for whom she worked becoming interested in the intelligent and philanthropic little seamstress. During that time she devoted two hours of each day to visiting the sick and suffering, making up for the time thus spent by working early mornings and late nights. In Bellevue Hospital, where she was to be seen almost daily, she became known as the "Little Sunbeam."

She was never strong. When two years old she fell and received injuries from which she never recovered. Later in life she fell on the ice; and it is to those falls that she owes her long invalidism.

CARRIE D. MACOMBER.

From "True Stories of Heroic Lives." Copyright, 1899, by Funk Wagnalls Company.

THE MASTER-PLAYER

AN old, worn harp that had been played
Till all its strings were loose and frayed,
Joy, Hate, and Fear, each one essayed
To play. But each in turn had found
No sweet responsiveness of sound.

Then Love the Master-Player came
With heaving breast and eyes aflame ;
The Harp he took all undismayed,
Smote on its strings, still strange to song,
And brought forth music sweet and strong.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

ONE evening in times long ago old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden and their cow and their bees and their grapevine which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

“ Ah, wife,” cried Philemon, “ I fear some poor traveler is seeking hospitality among

our neighbors yonder, and, instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is ! ”

“ Well-a-day ! ” answered old Baucis ; “ I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers ! ”

“ Those children will never come to any good,” said Philemon, shaking his white head. “ To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it.”

“ That’s right, husband ! ” said Baucis. “ So we will.”

“ I never heard the dogs so loud,” observed the good old man.

“ Nor the children so rude,” answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads one to an-

other, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travelers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No

doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward, saying in the heartiest tone imaginable, —

"Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble.

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under-gar-

ments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes, but as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing certainly seemed queer. The traveler was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler, "but I always found my feet grow heavier towards night-fall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

The staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olivewood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes carved in the wood were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skillfully executed that old

Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

“Was there not,” asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, “a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?”

“Not in my day, friend,” answered Philemon; “and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know, and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten.”

“That is more than can be safely foretold,” observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement.

“ Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again ! ”

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened ; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon.

“ Pray, my young friend,” said Philemon to the younger stranger, “ what may I call your name ? ”

“ Why, I am very nimble, as you see,” answered the traveler. “ So if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well.”

“ Quicksilver ? Quicksilver ? ” repeated Philemon, looking in the traveler’s face to see if he were making fun of him. “ It is a very odd name. And your companion there ? Has he as strange a one ? ”

“You must ask the thunder to tell it you,” replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. “No other voice is loud enough.”

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

“Had we known you were coming,” said she, “my good man and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day’s milk to make cheese, and our last loaf is already half eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveler knocks at our door.”

“All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame,” replied the elder stranger, kindly. “An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia.”

“A welcome you shall have,” cried Baucis, “and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides,”

“Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!” exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, “an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life.”

“Mercy on us!” whispered Baucis to her husband. “If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!”

They all went into the cottage.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travelers. At their very first sitting down, the travelers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

“A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please,” said Quicksilver. “The day has been hot and I am very much athirst.”

“Now, my dear people,” answered Baucis, in great confusion, “I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. Oh, husband! husband! why didn’t we go without our supper?”

“Why, it appears to me,” cried Quicksilver, starting up from table and taking the

pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

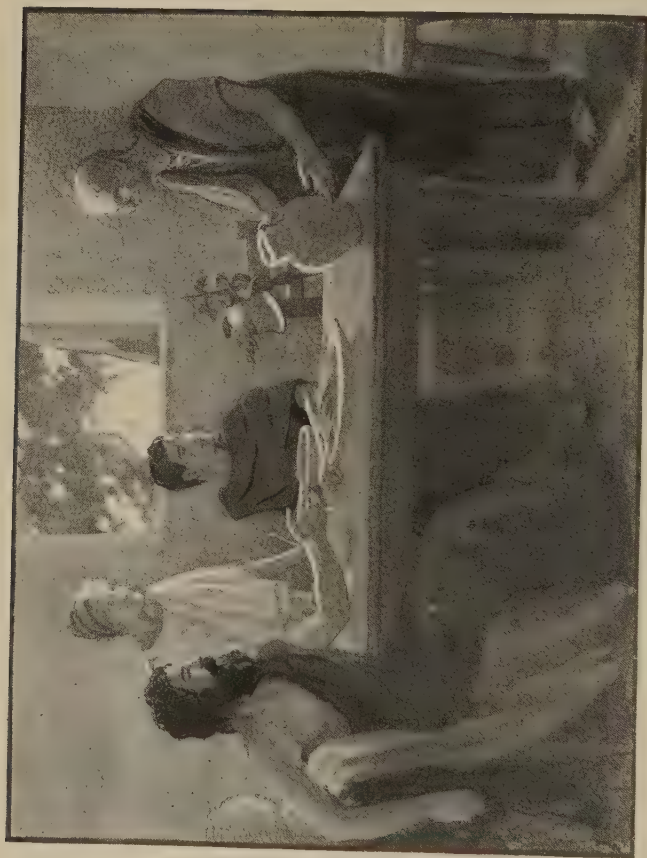
Now, Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had

turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table!

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little of that honey."

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven.

But oh, the honey! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelled and looked. Its color was that of the purest and most transparent gold, and it had the odor of a thousand



“ ‘ Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please. ’ ”

flowers, but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen in a whisper.

“Did you ever hear the like?” asked she.

“No, I never did,” answered Philemon, with a smile. “And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of a dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all.”

“Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please,” said Quicksilver, “and I shall then have supped better than a prince.”

This time old Philemon bestirred himself

and took up the pitcher, for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

“Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?” cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

“Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends,” replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. “Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may

your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer ! ”

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor, and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save hard planks.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

“ Ah me! Well-a-day! ” exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. “ If our neighbors only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone.”

“It is a sin and shame for them to behave so — that it is!” cried good old Baucis, vehemently. “And I mean to go this very day, and tell some of them what naughty people they are.”

“I fear,” remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, “that you will find none of them at home. And, by-the-by, my dear old people,” he added, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, “where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts.”

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley where at sunset only the day before they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim.

“Alas!” cried these kind-hearted old people, “what has become of our poor neighbors?”

“They exist no longer as men and women,” said the elder traveler in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. “There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky.”

“As for you, good Philemon,” continued the elder traveler — “and you, kind Baucis — you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favor you have most at heart, and it is granted.”

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then — I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts: —

“Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die. For we have always loved one another.”

“Be it so,” replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. “Now, look towards your cottage.”

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

“There is your home,” said the stranger, smiling on them both. “Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening.”

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him, but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way.

The milk pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvelous quality of being never empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humored, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross

and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk!

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of overnight to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied in front of the portal two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. One was an oak and the other a linden tree.

While the guests were marveling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

“I am old Philemon!” murmured the oak.

“I am old Baucis!” murmured the linden tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:—

“Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!”

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *Abridged.*

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall," —
 Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-gallop; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market place,
 And you'll be there anon

To see your flag bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed;
his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's
pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

PALISSY THE POTTER

FOUR hundred years ago a little boy called Bernard Palissy was born in a village of France, not very far from the great river Garonne. The country around was beautiful at all times of the year — in spring with orchards in flower, in summer with fields of corn, in autumn with heavy-laden vines

climbing up the sides of the hills, down which rushing streams danced and gurgled. Further north stretched wide heaths gay with broom, and vast forests of walnut and chestnut, through which roamed hordes of pigs, greedy after the fallen chestnuts that made them so fat, or burrowing about the roots of the trees for the truffles growing just out of sight. When the peasants who owned the pigs saw them sniffing and scratching in certain places, they went out at once and dug for themselves, for truffles, as well as pigs, were thought delicious eating, and fetched high prices from the rich people in Périgueux or even Bordeaux.

But the forests of the province of Périgord contained other inhabitants than the pigs and their masters, and these were the workers in glass, the people who for generations had made those wonderful colored windows which are the glory of French cathedrals. The glassworkers of those were set apart from all other traders, and in Italy as well as in France a noble might devote himself to this calling without bringing down on himself the insults and scorn of his friends,

Still, at a time when the houses of the poor were generally built of wood, it was considered very dangerous to have glass furnaces, with the fire often at a white heat, in the middle of a town, and so a law was passed forcing them to carry on their trade at a distance. In Venice the glassworkers were sent to the island of Murano, where the factories still are; in Périgord they were kept in the forest, where they could cut down the logs they needed for their kilns, and where certain sorts of trees and ferns grew, which, when reduced to powder, were needed in the manufacture of the glass.

Whether the father of Palissy was a glassmaker or not — for nothing is quite certain about the boy's early years — Bernard must of course have had many companions among the children of the forest workers, and as he went through the world with his eyes always open, he soon learned a great deal of all that had to be done in order to turn out the bits of glass that blazed like jewels when the sun shone through them. There were special kinds of earth, or rocks, or plants to be sought for, and when found the glassmaker

must know how to use them, so as to get exactly the color or thickness of material that he wanted. And when he had spent hours and hours mixing his substances and seeing that he had put in just the right quantity of each, and no more, perhaps the fire would be a little too hot and the glass would crack, or a little too cold and the mixture would not become solid glass, and then the poor man had to begin the whole process again from the beginning. Bernard stood by and watched, and noted the patience under failure, as well as the way that glass was made, and when his turn came the lesson bore fruit.

But Bernard learned other things besides how to make glass. He was taught to read and write, and by-and-by to draw. In his walks through the woods or over the hills, his eyes were busy wandering through the fallen leaves or glancing up at the branches of the trees in search of anything that might be hidden there. The bright-eyed lizards he especially loved, and sometimes he would persuade them to stay quiet for a few minutes by singing some country songs, while

he took out his roll of paper and made rough sketches of them.

But after a while Palissy grew restless, and before he was twenty he left home and traveled on foot over the south of France, gaining fresh knowledge at every step, as those do who keep their wits about them. He had no money, so he paid his way by the help of his pencil, as he was later to do in the little town of Saintes, taking portraits of the village innkeeper or his wife, or drawing plans for the new rooms the good man meant to build now that business was so thriving, and measuring the field at the back of the house that he thought of laying out as a garden of fruits and herbs. And as the young man went he visited the cathedrals in the towns as well as the forges and the manufactories, and never rested till he found out why this city made cloth, and that one silk, and a third wonderful patterns of wrought iron.

We do not know exactly how long Palissy remained on his travels, but as there was no need for him to hurry and so much for him to see he probably was away for some years,

On his return he seems to have settled down in the little town of Saintes, on the river Charente, where he supported himself by doing what we should call surveying work, measuring the lands of the whole department, and reporting on the kind of soil of which they were made, so that the government might know how to tax them.

In the year 1538 Palissy married, and a year later came the event which influenced more than any other the course of his future life. A French gentleman named Pons, who had spent a long while at the Italian court of Ferrara, returned to France, bringing with him many beautiful things, among others an "earthenware cup, wonderfully shaped and enameled." Pons happened to meet Palissy, and finding that the same subjects interested them both, he showed him the cup. The young man could scarcely contain himself at the sight. For some time he had been turning over in his mind the possibility of discovering enamel, or glaze, to put on the earthen pots, and now here, in perfection, was the very thing he was looking for.

During the next two or three years, when he was busy surveying the lands about Saintes, in order to support his wife and little children, his thoughts were perpetually occupied with the enameled cup, and how to make one like it. If he could only see a few more, perhaps something might give him a clue; but how was he to do that? Then one day in the winter of 1542 a pirate boat from La Rochelle, on the coast, sailed into port with a great Spanish ship in tow, filled with earthenware cups from Venice, and plates and goblets from the Spanish city of Valencia, famous for its marvelously beautiful glaze. The news of the capture soon reached Palissy, and we may be sure he had made a study of the best of the pots before they were bought by the king, Francis I, and given away to the ladies of the French court. But the Venetian and Spanish treasures still kept their secret, and Palissy was forced to work on in the dark, buying cheap earthen pots and breaking them, and pounding the pieces in a mortar, so as to discover, if he could, the substances of which they were made.

All this took a long time, and Palissy gave up his surveying in order to devote his whole days to this labor of love. The reward, however, was very slow in coming, and if he had not contrived to save a little money while he was still a bachelor, his wife and children would have starved. Week after week went by, and Palissy was to be seen in his little workshop, making experiments with pieces of common pots, over which he spread the different mixtures he had made. These pieces, he tells us, "he baked in his furnace, hoping that some of these mixtures might, when hot, produce a color"; white was, however, what he desired above all, as he had heard that if once you had been able to procure a fine white, it was comparatively easy to get the rest. Remembering how, as a boy, he had used certain chemical substances in staining the glass, he put these into some of his mixtures, and hopefully awaited the result.

But, alas! he "had never seen earth baked," and had no idea how hot the fire of his furnace should be, or in what way

to regulate it. Sometimes the substance was baked too much, and sometimes too little; and every day he was building fresh furnaces in place of the old ones which had cracked, collecting fresh materials, making fresh failures, and altogether wasting a great deal of time and money.

Thus passed several years, and it is a marvel how the family contrived to live at all, and Madame Palissy had reason for the reproaches and hard words which she heaped on her husband. The amount of wood alone necessary to feed the furnaces was enormous, and when Palissy could no longer afford to buy it, he cut down all the trees and bushes in his garden, and when they were exhausted burned all the tables and chairs in the house and tore up the floors. Fancy poor Madame Palissy's feelings one morning when this sight met her eyes. His friends laughed at him and told tales of his folly in the neighboring town, which hurt his feelings; but nothing turned him from his purpose, and except for the few hours a week when he worked at something which would bring in money enough to keep his

family alive, every moment, as well as every thought, was given up to the discovery which was so slow in being made.

Again he bought some cheap pots, which he broke in pieces, and covered three or four hundred fragments with his mixtures. These he carried, with the help of a man, to the kiln belonging to some potters in the forest, and asked leave to bake them. The potters willingly gave him permission, and the pieces were laid carefully in the furnace. After four hours Palissy ventured to examine them, and found one of the fragments perfectly baked, and covered with a splendid white glaze. "My joy was such," he writes, "that I felt myself another man"; but he rejoiced too soon, for success was still far distant. The mixture which produced the white glaze was probably due to Palissy having added unconsciously a little more of some special substance, because when he tried to make a fresh mixture to spread over the rest of the pieces he failed to obtain the same result. Still, though the disappointment was great, he did not quite cease to "feel another man." He had done

what he had wanted once, and some day he would do it again, and always.

It seems strange that Palissy did not go to Limoges, which was not very far off, and learn the trade of enameling at the old-established manufactory there. It would have saved him from years of toil and heart-sickness, and his family from years of poverty. But no! he wished to discover the secret for himself, and this he had no right to do at the expense of other people.

However, we must take the man as he was, and as we read the story of his incessant toils we wonder that any human being should have lived to tell the tale. He was too poor to get help; perhaps he did not want it; but "he worked for more than a month night and day," grinding into powder the substances such as he had used at the moment of his success. But heat the furnace as he might, it would not bake, and again he was beaten. He had found the secret of the enamel, but not how to make it form part of the pots.

Each time victory appeared certain some

fresh misfortune occurred, the most vexatious of all being one that seems due to Palissy's own carelessness. The mortar used by the potter in building his kiln was full of small pebbles, and when the oven became very hot these pebbles split, and mixed with the glaze. Then the enamel was spread over the earthen pots (which at last were properly baked), and the surface of each vessel, instead of being absolutely smooth, became as sharp as a razor and tore the hands of any unlucky person who touched it.

To guard against such accidents Palissy invented some sort of cases — "lanterns," he calls them — in which to put his pots while in the kiln, and these he found extremely useful. He now plucked up heart and began to model lizards and serpents, tortoises and lobsters, leaves and flowers, but it was a long while before he could turn them out as he wished. "The green of the lizards," he tells us, "got burned before the color of the serpents was properly fixed," and the lobsters, serpents, and other creatures were baked before it suited the potter, who

would have liked them all to take the same time. But at length his patience and courage triumphed over all difficulties. By-and-by he learned how to manage his furnace and how to mix his materials; the victory had taken him sixteen years to win, but at last he, and not the fire, was master; henceforth he could make what he liked, and ask what price he chose.

MRS. LANG. *Abridged.*

THREE QUESTIONS

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid; and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might

know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the king, but they all answered his questions differently.

All the answers being different, the king agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the king put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone.

When the king approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the king, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The king went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to

do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important, and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the king, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging.

"You are tired," said the king, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the king, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the king stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said: —

"Now rest awhile — and let me work a bit."

But the king did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the king at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said: —

"I came to you, wise man, for an answer

to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes some one running," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The king turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the king, he fell fainting on the ground, moaning feebly. The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his side. The king washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. But the blood would not stop flowing, and the king again and again washed and rebandaged the wound. When at last the blood ceased flowing, the man revived and asked for something to drink. The king brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the king was so tired

with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep — so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night. When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

“Forgive me!” said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the king was awake and was looking at him.

“I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for,” said the king.

“You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to

kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me ! ”

The king was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the king went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The king approached him, and said : —

“ For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man.”

“ You have already been answered ! ” said the hermit, still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

“ How answered ? What do you mean ? ” asked the king.

“Do you not see?” replied the hermit. “If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business. Remember then: there is only one time that is important—Now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power. The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with any one else: and the most important affair is to do him good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!”

LEO TOLSTOI, *Abridged.*

CONTENT

MY neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet tho' a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and wine;
Tho' Autumn piles my garners high,
Still for that little field I sigh.
For ah! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small tho' it be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine —
“ Ah, would the little field were mine ! ”
Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possest —
These by my fertile lands are meant.
That little field is called Content.

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ON the twelfth day of February, 1809, a homely little baby was born into the small-

est and humblest and meanest of homes. It was a miserable little cabin that you would hardly call a hut, placed on a stony hillside, in what is now the central section of the great state of Kentucky; but, miserable as it was, it was the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

His father, Thomas Lincoln, did not like to work; so he simply cleared and farmed enough to give his family "a little meal and a little milk," and that had to satisfy them. It takes pluck to keep a farm up to the mark, and this Thomas Lincoln never had.

Lincoln's mother, however, was very hard-working. She worked herself to death for her husband and children; but, while doing this, she laid in her son the foundations of truth, and honor, and goodness, and the ambition to do something and be something in the world, that helped him all through life. Lincoln never forgot her. His earliest recollection of her was of the days when he and his sister Sarah sat at their mother's feet, while she, as well as she was able, told them stories and taught them to spell and read.

The boyhood of Lincoln had been hard and comfortless. It had given him none of the advantages and none of the childish pleasures that make the memory of home dear to so many men and women. There was but little fun and frolic about it; there were no games to play and no boys and girls to play with; the nearest school was eight miles away and the boy's father thought going to school a waste of time. But his mother declared that her boy and girl should go to school, and so, for a few weeks, once in a while, the brother and sister would trudge off eight miles to the log schoolhouse, with nothing to eat but corn bread, and little to learn except spelling and arithmetic. Even this schooling was short, and in all his life, Abraham Lincoln never went to school more than a year, counting all the days together.

So he was a lonely little fellow in his childhood. Though his father hated work, he was perfectly willing to have his wife and son and daughter work; and he put many hard tasks on the small and scrawny eight-year-old. Owing to the father's shiftless-

ness, the family were obliged to move from place to place. The winter that Lincoln was eight was spent in the heart of an Indiana forest, in a rough, comfortless cabin, which hardly kept out the rain and snow and did not keep out the cold.

The boy was growing fast. Already he was a long-legged, spindling, uncouth little fellow, with a shock of black hair, dreamy-looking eyes, a hatchet face, and a skin tanned and sallow from his outdoor life. He was not a pretty boy; but his muscles were hard and tough; he was sturdy, strong, and wiry; and he could endure cold and heat, poor food and privation because of his rough frontier life. It is through the energy, the sacrifices, and the ambition of the men and women of those hard days of rough living that we now have the comfortable homes, pleasant schools, and all the advantages that wealth and progress and what is called public spirit have secured.

Lincoln's mother died when he was nine years old and the stepmother whom his father brought home a year later seemed to take an especial liking for the small boy.

She was an excellent woman and had a little money, which seemed much to the poor, neglected children on whom she generously spent it. The care that his stepmother took for his health and mind soon began to show for itself.

He grew so fast after he got into his teens that his breeches never came down to the tops of his shoes, and, instead of stockings, you could always see "twelve inches of shin bone," sharp, blue, and narrow. He laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks, had a squeaky, changing voice, a small head, big ears, — and was always what Thackeray called "a gentle-man." Such was Abraham Lincoln at fifteen.

He was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins" — that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively.

He had to work hard at home, for his father would not, and things needed to be

attended to if "the place" was to be kept from dropping to pieces.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper that he could get hold of, and, if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember, he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and either learn it by heart or hide the shingle away until he could get some paper to copy it on.

His father thought that he read too much and that it would spoil him for work, but Abraham, with all his reading, did more work than his father any day; and his stepmother took his side and at last got her husband to let the boy read and study at home. "Abe was a good son to me," she said many, many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrap-book; he kept a paper scrapbook, too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep — poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages.

He had a scrapbook for his arithmetic

“sums ” too, and one of these is still in existence with this boyish rhyme in a boyish scrawl, underneath one of his tables of weights and measures : —

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When.

God did know when ; and that boy, all unconsciously, was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

Lamps and candles were almost unknown in his home, and Abraham, flat on his stomach, would often do his reading, writing, and ciphering in the firelight, as it flashed and flickered on the big hearth of his log-cabin home. An older cousin, John Hanks, who lived for a while with the Lincolns, says that when “Abe,” as he always called the great president, would come home, as a boy, from his work, he would go to the cupboard, take a piece of corn bread for his supper, sit down on a

chair, stretch out his long legs until they were higher than his head — and read, and read, and read.

One day Abraham found that a man for whom he sometimes worked owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." This was a famous book in its day. Abraham borrowed it at once. When he was not reading it, he put it away on a shelf — a clapboard resting on wooden pins. There was a big crack between the logs, behind the shelf, and, one rainy day, the "Life of Washington" fell into the crack and was soaked almost into pulp. Old Mr. Crawford, from whom Abraham borrowed the book, was a cross, cranky, and sour old fellow, and when the boy told him of the accident he said Abraham must "work the book out."

The boy agreed, and the old farmer kept him so strictly to his promise that he made him "pull fodder" for the cattle three days, as payment for the book! And that is the way that Abraham Lincoln bought his first book. For he dried the copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" and put it in his "library." But what boy or girl of to-

day would like to buy books at such a price?

This was the boy-life of Abraham Lincoln. It was a life of poverty, privation, hard work, little play, and less money. The boy did not love work. But he worked. His father was rough and often harsh and hard to him, and what Abraham learned was learned by making the most of his spare time.

He was inquisitive, active, and hardy, and, in his comfortless boyhood, he was learning lessons of self-denial, independence, pluck, shrewdness, kindness, and persistence.

In the Spring of 1830, there was another "moving time" for the Lincolns. The corn and the cattle, the farm and its hogs were all sold at public "vandoo," or auction, at low figures; and with all their household goods on a big "ironed" wagon drawn by four oxen, they pushed on through the mud and across rivers, high from the spring freshets, out of Indiana, into Illinois.

Abraham held the "gad" and guided the oxen. He carried with him, also, a little

stock of pins, needles, thread, and buttons. These he peddled along the way; and, at last, after fifteen days of slow travel, the emigrants came to the spot picked out for a home.

By the time his people were settled in their new home, Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one. He was "of age" — he was a man! By the law of the land he was freed from his father's control; he could shift for himself, and he determined to do so.

This did not mean that he disliked his father. It simply means that he had no intention of following his father's example. Thomas Lincoln had demanded all the work his son could do and all the wages his son could earn, and Abraham felt that he could not have a fair chance to accomplish anything or to get ahead in the world if he continued living with this shiftless, never-satisfied, do-nothing man.

So he struck out for himself. But he never forgot his duty to his family, and to the day of his death he was always helping them.

In the summer of 1830, Abraham left

home and hired out on his own account, wherever he could get a job in the new country into which he had come. In that region of big farms and no fences, these latter were needed, and Abraham Lincoln's stalwart arm and well-swung ax came well into play, cutting up logs for fences. He was what was called in that western country a "rail-splitter." Indeed, one of the first things he did when he struck out for himself was to split four hundred rails for every yard of "blue jeans" necessary to make him a pair of trousers. From which it will be seen that work was easier to get than clothes.

He soon became as much of a favorite in Illinois as he had been in Indiana. Other work came to him, and, in 1831, he "hired out" with a man named Offutt to help sail a flatboat down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Mr. Offutt had heard that "Abe Lincoln" was a good river hand, strong, steady, honest, reliable, accustomed to boating, and that he had already made one trip down the river. So he engaged young Lincoln at what seemed to the young rail-splitter princely wages — fifty cents a day, and a

third share in the sixty dollars which was to be divided among the three boatmen at the end of the trip.

His second voyage to New Orleans is remarkable, because it first opened young Lincoln's eyes to the enormity of African slavery. Of course, he had seen slaves before ; but the sight of a slave sale in the old market place of New Orleans seems to have aroused his anger and given him an intense hatred of slave holding. He himself declared, years after, that it was that visit to New Orleans that had set him so strongly against slavery.

There is a story told by one of his companions that Lincoln looked for a while upon the dreadful scenes of the slave market and then, turning away, said excitedly, " Come away, boys ! If ever I get a chance, some day, to hit that thing " — and he flung his long arm toward the dreadful auction block — " I'll hit it hard ! "

Soon after he returned from his flatboat trip to New Orleans he had an opportunity to show that he could not and would not stand what is termed " foul play."

The same Mr. Offutt who had hired Lincoln to be one of his flatboat "boys," gave him another opportunity for work. He had taken a great fancy to Lincoln, and offered him a place as clerk in the New Salem store. The young fellow jumped at the chance. It seemed to him quite an improvement on being a farmhand, a flatboatman, or a rail-splitter. It was, indeed, a step upward; for it gave him better opportunities for self-instruction and more chances for getting ahead.

Offutt's store was a favorite "loafing place" for the New Salem boys and young men. Among these were some of the roughest fellows in the settlement. They were known as the "Clary Grove Boys" and they were always ready for a fight, in which they would, sometimes, prove themselves to be bullies and tormentors. When, therefore, Offutt began to brag about his new clerk, the "Clary Grove Boys" made fun of him; whereupon the storekeeper cried: "What's that? You can throw him? Well, I reckon not; Abe Lincoln can outrun, outwalk, outrattle, knock out, and throw down any man

in Sangamon county." This was too much for the Clary Grove Boys. They took up Offutt's challenge, and, against "Abe," set up, as their champion and "best man," one Jack Armstrong.

All this was done without Lincoln's knowledge. He had no desire to get into a row with any one — least of all with the bullies who made up the "Clary Grove Boys."

"I won't do it," he said, when Offutt told him of the proposed wrestling match. "I never tussle and scuffle, and I will not. I don't like this woolling and pulling."

"Don't let them call you a coward, Abe," said Offutt.

Of course you know what the end would be to such an affair. Nobody likes to be called a coward — especially when he knows he isn't one. So, at last, Lincoln consented to "rassle" with Jack Armstrong. They met, with all the boys as spectators. They wrestled and tugged and clenched, but without result. Both young fellows were equally matched in strength.

"It's no use, Jack," Lincoln at last de-

clared. "Let's quit. You can't throw me and I can't throw you. That's enough."

With that, all Jack's backers began to cry "coward!" and urged on the champion to another tussle. Jack Armstrong was now determined to win, by fair means or foul. He tried the latter, and, contrary to all the rules of wrestling, began to kick and trip, while his supporters stood ready to help, if need be, by breaking in with a regular free fight.

This "foul play" roused the lion in Lincoln. He hated unfairness and at once resented it. He suddenly put forth his Samson-like strength, grabbed the champion of the Clary Grove Boys by the throat, and, lifting him from the ground, held him at arm's length and shook him as a dog shakes a rat. Then he flung him to the ground, and, facing the amazed and yelling crowd, he cried: —

"You cowards! You know I don't want to fight; but if you try any such games, I'll tackle the whole lot of you. I've won the fight."

He had. From that day, no man in all

that region dared to "tackle" young Lincoln, or to taunt him with cowardice. And Jack Armstrong was his devoted friend and admirer.

I have told you more, perhaps, of the famous fight than I ought — not because it was a fight, but because it gives you a glimpse of Abraham Lincoln's character. He disliked rows; he was too kind-hearted and good-natured to wish to quarrel with any one; but he hated unfairness and was enraged at anything like persecution or bullying. If you will look up Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" you will see that Lincoln was ready to act upon the advice that old Polonius gave to his son Laertes: —

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee."

That was Abraham Lincoln's way. And, in the supreme moments of his life, he lived up to that advice, and conquered — whether in "downing" the bullies of the Clary Grove Boys, or in defending the nation from those who sought its life.

He became quite a man in that little community. As a clerk he was obliging and strictly honest. He was the judge and the settler of all disputes, and none thought of combating his decisions. He was the village peacemaker. He hated profanity, drunkenness, and unkindness to women. He was feared and respected by all, and even the Clary Grove Boys declared, at last, that he was "the cleverest feller that ever broke into the settlement."

All the time, too, he was trying to improve himself. He liked to sit around and talk and tell stories, just the same as ever; but he saw that this was not the way to get on in the world. He worked, whenever he had the chance, outside of his store duties; and once, when trade was dull and hands were short in the clearing, he "turned to" and split enough logs into rails to make a pen for a thousand hogs.

When he was not at work he devoted himself to his books. He could "read, write, and cipher" — this was more education than most men about him possessed; but he hoped, some day, to go before the public; to do this,

he knew he must speak and write correctly. He talked to the village schoolmaster, who advised him to study English grammar.

“ Well, if I had a grammar,” said Lincoln, “ I’d begin now. Have you got one ? ”

The schoolmaster had no grammar ; but he told “ Abe ” of a man, six miles off, who owned one. Thereupon Lincoln started upon the run to borrow that grammar. He brought it back so quickly that the schoolmaster was astonished. Then he set to work to learn the “ rules and exceptions.” He studied that grammar, stretched full length on the store counter, or under a tree outside the store, or at night before a blazing fire of shavings in the cooper’s shop. And soon he had mastered it. He borrowed every book in New Salem ; he made the schoolmaster give him lessons in the store ; he buttonholed every stranger that came into the place “ who looked as though he knew anything ” ; until, at last, every one in New Salem was ready to echo Offutt’s boast that “ Abe Lincoln ” knew more than any man “ in these U-nited States.”

One day, in the bottom of an old barrel of

trash, he made a splendid "find." It was two old law books. He read and reread them, got all the "juice" and sense and argument out of their dry pages, blossomed into a debater, began to dream of being a lawyer, and became so skilled in seeing through and settling knotty questions that, once again, New Salem wondered at this clerk of Offutt's who was as long of head as of arms and legs, and declared that "Abe Lincoln could out-argue any ten men in the settlement."

So he went on from one thing to another, managing to live for several years his pinched, humble, but helpful and honest life. He was just as good-natured, just as friendly, and just as popular as ever.

Once he came upon a poor fellow whom he knew to be in a bad way, chopping up an old hut, which he had been hired to split into firewood. The day was raw, the man was barefooted and thinly clothed; he looked sick and pitiful; he was cold and shivering. Lincoln stopped and spoke to the poor wood-chopper.

"See here! how much do you get for this job?" he asked.

“A dollar,” said the man. “I’ve got to have it to get me some shoes.”

Lincoln took the ax from the man. “You go in and warm yourself,” he said. Then he swung the ax as only Abe Lincoln could; he had that old hut chopped into kindlings so quickly that it was soon finished. Then the poor woodchopper got his dollar and his shoes, and never forgot the kindness of Abraham Lincoln. It was just such humane, friendly, and kindly acts as these that endeared him to his neighbors, and made him respected and popular. So when, later on, he decided for the second time to try his chances “on the stump,” he was successful; for almost every one voted for him, and in 1834 he was elected to the Legislature by a majority larger than that of any other man on the ticket.

It was during this canvass for votes that Lincoln went one day into a harvest field where some thirty men were at work. The friend who was with him introduced him to the mowers as a candidate for the Legislature.

“No use,” said one of the men, looking

the young fellow over, "we don't vote for any man who can't make a hand" — that is, who can't cut a good piece of standing grain.

"Well, boys, if that's all," said Lincoln, "I'm sure of your votes."

He took up the "cradle"; he swung it against the grain with those terrible arms of his; he led the rest of the mowers all the way around the field. That satisfied them; they were all Lincoln men after that.

So, you see, by his personal bearing, by his popular ways, and by his real ability, he reached his ambition at last. The poor boy, the farm hand, the storekeeper, entered public life. He became one of the law-makers of his State.

Politics sometimes means low measures, underhand ways, doing things one may well be ashamed of — anything to secure success. But good politics means honorable measures, uprightness, truth, noble ambitions, persistence, patriotism, and good character. Any boy may aspire to be such a politician — preferring defeat to dishonor, and feeling jubilant over success honestly obtained.

Abraham Lincoln was this last kind of a

politician. He worked hard for success ; but he never stooped to do a mean, a questionable, or an unfriendly act. He raised himself to success from poverty, and, because he was such a man, he won the respect and love of all.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS. *Adapted.*

IF I WERE A VOICE

IF I were a Voice, — a persuasive Voice, —
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning
light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the Right — in blame of the
Wrong.

If I were a Voice, — a consoling Voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air ;
The homes of Sorrow and Guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from Despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to rejoice again.

If I were a Voice, — a pervading Voice,
I'd seek the kings of earth;
I'd find them alone on their beds at night,
And whisper words that should guide
them right —

Lessons of priceless worth.

I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird,
And tell them things they never heard —
Truths which the ages for aye repeat,
Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

If I were a Voice, — an immortal Voice,
I'd speak in the people's ear;
And whenever they shouted "Liberty,"
Without deserving to be free,
I'd make their error clear.

I'd fly, I'd fly, on the wings of day,
Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way,
And making all the earth rejoice —
If I were a Voice, — an immortal Voice.

CHARLES MACKAY.

ROLAND

THE trumpets sounded and the army went on its way to France. The next day King Charles called his lords together. "You see," said he, "these narrow passes. Whom shall I place to command the rear guard? Choose you a man yourselves." Said Ganelon, "Whom should we choose but my son-in-law, Count Roland? You have no man in your host so valiant. Of a truth he will be the salvation of France." The King said when he heard these words, "What ails you, Ganelon? You look like to one possessed."

When Count Roland knew what was proposed concerning him, he spake out as a true knight should speak: "I am right thankful to you, my father-in-law, that you have caused me to be put in this place. Of a truth the King of France shall lose nothing by my means, neither charger, nor mule, nor pack horse, nor beast of burden."

Then Roland turned to the King and said, "Give me twenty thousand only, so they be

men of valor, and I will keep the passes in all safety. So long as I shall live, you need fear no man."

Then Roland mounted his horse. With him were Oliver his comrade, and Otho and Berenger, and Gerard of Roussillon, an aged warrior, and others, men of renown. And Turpin the Archbishop cried, "By my head, I will go also." So they chose twenty thousand warriors with whom to keep the passes.

Meanwhile King Charles had entered the valley of Roncesvalles. High were the mountains on either side of the way, and the valleys were gloomy and dark. But when the army had passed through the valley, they saw the fair land of Gascony, and as they saw it they thought of their homes and their wives and daughters. There was not one of them but wept for very tenderness of heart. But of all that company there was none sadder than the King himself, when he thought how he had left his nephew Count Roland behind him in the passes of Spain.

And now the Saracen King Marsilas be-

gan to gather his army. He laid a strict command on all his nobles and chiefs that they should bring with them to Saragossa as many men as they could gather together. And when they were come to the city, it being the third day from the issuing of the King's command, they saluted the great image of Mahomet, the false prophet, that stood on the topmost tower. This done they went forth from the city gates. They made all haste, marching across the mountains and valleys of Spain till they came in sight of the standard of France, where Roland and Oliver and the Twelve Peers were ranged in battle array.

The Saracen champions donned their coats of mail, of double substance most of them, and they set upon their heads helmets of Saragossa of well-tempered metal, and they girded themselves with swords of Vienna. Fair were their shields to view, their lances were from Valentia, their standards were of white, blue, and red. Their mules they left with the servants, and, mounting their chargers, so moved forwards. Fair was the day and bright the

sun, as their armor flashed in the light, and the drums were beaten so loudly that the Frenchmen heard the sound.

Said Oliver to Roland, "Comrade, methinks we shall soon do battle with the Saracens." "God grant it," answered Roland. "'Tis our duty to hold the place for the King, and we will do it, come what may. As for me, I will not set an ill example."

Oliver climbed to the top of a hill, and saw from thence the whole army of the heathen. He cried to Roland his companion, "I see the flashing of arms. We men of France shall have no small trouble therefrom. This is the doing of Ganelon the traitor."

"Be silent," answered Roland, "till you shall know; say no more about him."

Oliver looked again from the hilltop, and saw how the Saracens came on. So many there were that he could not count their battalions. He descended to the plain with all speed, and came to the array of the French, and said, "I have seen more heathen than man ever yet saw together upon the

earth. There are a hundred thousand at the least. We shall have such a battle with them as has never before been fought. My brethren of France, quit you like men, be strong; stand firm that you be not conquered." And all the army shouted with one voice, "Cursed be he that shall fly."

Then Oliver turned to Roland and said, "Sound your horn; my friend, Charles will hear it, and will return." "I were a fool," answered Roland, "so to do. Not so; but I will deal these heathen some mighty blows with Durendal, my sword. They have been ill advised to venture into these passes. I swear that they are condemned to death, one and all."

After a while Oliver said again, "Friend Roland, sound your horn of ivory. Then will the King return, and bring his army with him, to our help." But Roland answered again, "I will not do dishonor to my kinsmen, or to the fair land of France. I have my sword; that shall suffice for me. These evil-minded heathen are gathered together against us to their own hurt. Surely not one of them shall escape from

death." "As for me," said Oliver, "I see not where the dishonor would be. I saw the valleys and the mountains covered with the great multitude of Saracens. Theirs is, in truth, a mighty array, and we are but few." "So much 'the better," answered Roland. "It makes my courage grow. 'Tis better to die than to be disgraced. And remember, the harder our blows the more the King will love us."

Roland was brave, but Oliver was wise. "Consider," he said, "comrade. These enemies are over near to us, and the King over far. Were he here, we should not be in danger; but there are some here to-day who will never fight in another battle."

Then Turpin the Archbishop struck spurs into his horse, and rode to a hilltop. Then he turned to the men of France, and spake: "Lords of France, King Charles has left us here; our King he is, and it is our duty to die for him. To-day our Christian Faith is in peril: do ye fight for it. Fight ye must; be sure of that, for there under your eyes are the Saracens. Confess, therefore, your sins, and pray to God that He have mercy

upon you. And now for your soul's health I will give you all absolution. If you die, you will be God's martyrs, every one of you, and your places are ready for you in His Paradise."

Thereupon the men of France dismounted, and knelt upon the ground, and the Archbishop blessed them in God's name. "But look," said he, "I set you a penance — smite these pagans." Then the men of France rose to their feet. They had received absolution, and were set free from all their sins, and the Archbishop had blessed them in the name of God. After this they mounted their swift steeds, and clad themselves in armor, and made themselves ready for the battle.

Said Roland to Oliver, "Brother, you know that it is Ganelon who has betrayed us. Good store he has had of gold and silver as a reward; 'tis the King Marsilas that has made merchandise of us, but verily it is with our swords that he shall be paid." So saying, he rode on to the pass, mounted on his good steed Veillantif. His spear he held with the point to the sky; a white

flag it bore with fringes of gold which fell down to his hands. A stalwart man was he, and his countenance was fair and smiling. Behind him followed Oliver, his friend; and the men of France pointed to him, saying, "See our champion!" Pride was in his eye when he looked towards the Saracens; but to the men of France his regard was all sweetness and humility. Full courteously he spake to them: "Ride not so fast, my lords," he said; "verily these heathen are come hither, seeking martyrdom. 'Tis a fair spoil that we shall gather from them to-day. Never has King of France gained any so rich." And as he spake, the two hosts came together.

Said Oliver, "You did not deem it fit, my lord, to sound your horn. Therefore you lack the help which the King would have sent. Not his the blame, for he knows nothing of what has chanced. But do you, lords of France, charge as fiercely as you may, and yield not one whit to the enemy. Think upon these two things only — how to deal a straight blow and to take it. And let us not forget King Charles's cry

of battle." Then all the men of France with one voice cried out, "Mountjoy!" He that heard them so cry had never doubted that they were men of valor. Proud was their array as they rode on to battle, spurring their horses that they might speed the more. And the Saracens, on their part, came forward with a good heart. Thus did the Frenchmen and the heathen meet in the shock of battle.

Full many of the heathen warriors fell that day. Not one of the Twelve Peers of France but slew his man. But of all none bare himself so valiantly as Roland. Many a blow did he deal to the enemy with his mighty spear, and when the spear was shivered in his hand, fifteen warriors having fallen before it, then he seized his good sword Durendal, and smote man after man to the ground. Red was he with the blood of his enemies, red was his hauberk, red his arms, red his shoulders, aye, and the neck of his horse. Not one of the Twelve lingered in the rear, or was slow to strike, but Count Roland was the bravest of the brave. "Well done, Sons of France!" cried Turpin

the Archbishop, when he saw them lay on in such sort.

Next to Roland for valor and hardihood came Oliver, his companion. Many a heathen warrior did he slay, till at last his spear was shivered in his hand. "What are you doing, comrade?" cried Roland, when he was aware of the mishap. "A man wants no staff in such a battle as this. 'Tis the steel and nothing else that he must have. Where is your sword Hautclere, with its hilt of gold and its pommel of crystal?" "On my word," said Oliver, "I have not had time to draw it; I was so busy with striking." But as he spake he drew the good sword from its scabbard, and smote a heathen knight, Justin of the Iron Valley. A mighty blow it was, cleaving the man in twain down to his saddle — aye, and the saddle itself with its adorning of gold and jewels, and the very backbone also of the steed whereon he rode, so that horse and man fell dead together on the plains. "Well done!" cried Roland; "you are a true brother of mine. 'Tis such strokes as this that make the King love us."

Nevertheless, for all the valor of Roland and his fellows the battle went hard with the men of France. Many lances were shattered, many flags torn, and many gallant youths cut off in their prime. Never more would they see mother and wife. It was an ill deed that the traitor Ganelon wrought when he sold his fellows to King Marsilas!

And now there befell a new trouble. King Almaris, with a great host of heathen, coming by an unknown way, fell upon the rear of the host where there was another pass. Fiercely did the noble Walter that kept the same charge the newcomers, but they overpowered him and his followers. He was wounded with four several lances, and four times did he swoon, so that at the last he was constrained to leave the field of battle, that he might call the Count Roland to his aid. But small was the aid which Roland could give him or any one. Valiantly he held up the battle, and with him Oliver, and Turpin the Archbishop, and others also; but the lines of the men of France were broken, and their armor thrust through, and their spears shattered, and their flags

trodden in the dust. For all this they made such slaughter among the heathen that King Almaris, who led the armies of the enemy, scarcely could win back his way to his own people, wounded in four places and sorely spent. A right good warrior was he; had he but been a Christian, but few had matched him in battle.

Count Roland saw how grievously his people had suffered and spake thus to Oliver his comrade: "Dear comrade, you see how many brave men lie dead upon the ground. Well may we mourn for fair France, widowed as she is of so many valiant champions. But why is our King not here? O Oliver, my brother, what shall we do to send him tidings of our state?" "I know not," answered Oliver. "Only this I know — that death is to be chosen rather than dishonor."

After a while Roland said again, "I shall blow my horn; King Charles will hear it, where he has encamped beyond the passes, and he and his host will come back."

"That would be ill done," answered Oliver, "and shame both you and your race. When I gave you this counsel you would have

none of it. Now I like it not. 'Tis not for a brave man to sound the horn and cry for help now that we are in such case." "The battle is too hard for us," said Roland again, "and I shall sound my horn, that the King may hear." And Oliver answered again, "When I gave you this counsel you scorned it. Now I myself like it not. 'Tis true that had the King been here, we had not suffered this loss. But the blame is not his. 'Tis your folly, Count Roland, that has done to death all these men of France. But for that we should have conquered in this battle, and have taken and slain King Marsilas. But now we can do nothing for France and the King. We can but die. Woe is me for our country, aye, and for our friendship, which will come to a grievous end this day."

The Archbishop perceived that the two friends were at variance, and spurred his horse till he came where they stood. "Listen to me," he said, "Sir Roland and Sir Oliver. I implore you not to fall out with each other in this fashion. We, sons of France, that are in this place, are of a truth condemned to death, neither will the sound-

ing of your horn save us, for the King is far away, and cannot come in time. Nevertheless, I hold it to be well that you should sound it. When the King and his army shall come, they will find us dead — that I know full well. But they will avenge us, so that our enemies shall not go away rejoicing. And they will also recover our bodies, and will carry them away for burial in holy places, so that the dogs and wolves shall not devour them.”

“You say well,” cried Roland, and he put his horn to his lips, and gave so mighty a blast upon it, that the sound was heard thirty leagues away. King Charles and his men heard it, and the King said, “Our countrymen are fighting with the enemy.” But Ganelon answered, “Sire, had any but you so spoken, I had said that he spoke falsely.”

Then Roland blew his horn a second time; with great pain and anguish of body he blew it, and the red blood gushed from his lips; but the sound was heard yet farther than at first. Again the King heard it, and all his nobles, and all his

men. "That," said he, "is Roland's horn; he never had sounded it were he not in battle with the enemy." But Ganelon answered again: "Believe me, Sire, there is no battle. You are an old man, and you have the fancies of a child. You know what a mighty man of valor is this Roland. Think you that any one would dare to attack him? No one, of a truth. Ride on, Sire, why halt you here? The fair land of France is yet far away."

Roland blew his horn a third time, and when the King heard it he said, "He that blew that horn drew a deep breath." And Duke Naymes cried out, "Roland is in trouble; on my conscience he is fighting with the enemy. Some one has betrayed him; 'tis he, I doubt not, that would deceive you now. To arms, Sire! utter your war cry, and help your own house and your country. You have heard the cry of the noble Roland."

Then King Charles bade all the trumpets sound, and forthwith all the men of France armed themselves, with helmets, and hauberts, and swords with pummels of gold.

Mighty were their shields, and their lances strong, and the flags that they carried were white and red and blue. And when they made an end of their arming they rode back with all haste. There was not one of them but said to his comrade, "If we find Roland yet alive, what mighty strokes will we strike for him!"

But Ganelon the King handed over to the knaves of his kitchen. "Take this traitor," said he, "who has sold his country." Ill did Ganelon fare among them. They pulled out his hair and his beard and smote him with their staves; then they put a great chain, such as that with which a bear is bound, about his neck, and made him fast to a pack horse.

This done, the King and his army hastened with all speed to the help of Roland. In the van and the rear sounded the trumpets as though they would answer Roland's horn. Full of wrath was King Charles as he rode; full of wrath were all the men of France. There was not one among them but wept and sobbed; there was not one but prayed, "Now, may God keep Roland

alive till we come to the battle field, so that we may strike a blow for him." Alas! it was all in vain; they could not come in time for all their speed.

A. J. CHURCH. *Adapted by* H. W. MABIE.

THE BALLAD OF THE *CLAMPHERDOWN*

1892

IT was our warship *Clampherdown*
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached Marine.

She had one bow gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our warship *Clampherdown*
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair of heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles —
 As ye shoot at a bobbing cork —
 And once she fired and twice she fired,
 Till the bow gun drooped like a lily tired
 That lolls upon the stalk.

“ Captain, the bow gun melts apace,
 The deck beams break below,
 ’Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
 And botch the shattered plates again.”
 And he answered, “ Make it so.”

She opened fire within the mile —
 As you shoot at the flying duck —
 And the great stern gun shot fair and true,
 With the heave of the ship, to the stainless
 blue,
 And the great stern turret stuck.

“ Captain, the turret fills with steam,
 The feed pipes burst below —
 You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
 You can hear the twisted runners jam.”
 And he answered, “ Turn and go ! ”

It was our warship *Clampherdown*,
 And grimly did she roll;

Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's
 ire

When they war by the frozen Pole.

“ Captain, the shells are falling fast,
 And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
 The death they cannot see.”

“ Lie down, lie down, my bold A. B.,
 We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram, for she can run:
And dare ye fire another gun,
 And die in the peeling steam? ”

It was our warship *Clampherdown*
 That carried an armor belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow
 To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

“ Captain, they lack us through and through;
 The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,

Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should
be."

And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our warship *Clampherdown*,
Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran
forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain," they cry, "the fight is done,
They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and
bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall
have it now;
Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our warship *Clampherdown*,
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the
fight
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were
bare to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking *Clampherdawn*
Heaved up her battered side —
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the *Clampherdawn*
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE LAW OF AUTHORITY AND OBEDIENCE

A FINE young Working Bee left his hive,
one lovely summer's morning, to gather
honey from the flowers. The sun shone so
brightly, and the air felt so warm, that he

flew a long, long distance, till he came to some gardens that were very beautiful and gay ; and there having roamed about, in and out of the flowers, buzzing in great delight, till he had so loaded himself with treasures that he could carry no more, he bethought himself of returning home. But, just as he was beginning his journey, he accidentally flew through the open window of a country house, and found himself in a large dining room. There was a great deal of noise and confusion, for it was dinner time, and the guests were talking rather loudly, so that the Bee became quite frightened. Still, he tried to taste some rich sweetmeats, which lay temptingly in a dish on the table, when all at once he heard a child exclaim with a shout, “ Oh, there’s a bee, let me catch him ! ” on which he rushed hastily back to the open air (as he thought). But, alas ! poor fellow, in another second he found that he had flung himself against a hard, transparent wall ! In other words, he had flown against the glass panes of the window, being quite unable, in his alarm and confusion, to distinguish the glass from the opening by which he had entered.

This unexpected blow annoyed him very much; and having wearied himself in vain attempts to find the entrance, he began to walk slowly and quietly up and down the wooden frame at the bottom of the panes, hoping to recover both his strength and composure.

Presently, as he was walking along, his attention was attracted by hearing the soft half-whispering voices of two children, who were kneeling down and looking at him.

Said one to the other: "This is a working bee, Sister; I see the pollen bags under his thighs. Nice fellow! how busy he has been!"

"Does he make the pollen and honey himself?" whispered the Girl.

"Yes, he gets them from the insides of the flowers. Don't you remember how we watched the bees once dodging in and out of the crocuses, how we laughed at them because they were so busy and fussy, and how handsome their dark coats looked against the yellow leaves? I wish I had seen this fellow loading himself to-day. But he does more than that. He builds the honeycomb,



“ ‘ This is a working bee, Sister.’ ”

and does nearly everything. He's a working bee, poor wretch!"

"What is a working bee? and why do you call him 'Poor wretch,' Brother?"

"Why, don't you know, Uncle Collins says that all people are poor wretches who work for other people who don't work for themselves? And that is just what this bee does. There is the queen bee in the hive, who does nothing at all but sit at home, give orders, and coddle the little ones; and all the bees wait upon her, and obey her. Then there are the drones—lazy fellows who lounge all their time away. And then there are the working bees, like this one here, and they do all the work for everybody. How Uncle Collins would laugh at them, if he knew!"

"Doesn't Uncle Collins know about bees?"

"No, I think not. It was the gardener who told me. And, besides, I think Uncle Collins would never have done talking about them, and quizzing them, if he once knew they couldn't do without a queen. I heard him say yesterday, that kings and queens were against nature, for nature never makes

one man a king and another man a cobbler, but makes them all alike; and so he says kings and queens are very unjust things."

"Bees have not the sense to know anything about that," observed the little Girl, softly.

"Of course not! Only fancy how angry these working fellows would be if they knew what the gardener told me!"

"What was that?"

"Why, that the working bees are just the same as the queen when they are first born, just exactly the same, and that it is only the food that is given them, and the shape of the house they live in, that makes the difference. The bee nurses manage that: they give some one sort of food, and some another, and they make the cells different shapes; and so some turn out queens, and the rest working bees. It's just what Uncle Collins says about kings and cobblers — nature makes them all alike. But, look! dinner is over; we must go."

"Wait till I let the Bee out, Brother," said the little Girl, taking him gently up in a soft handkerchief; and then she looked

at him kindly and said, "Poor fellow! so you might have been a queen if they had only given you the right food, and put you into a right-shaped house! What a shame they didn't! As it is, my good friend" (and her voice took a childishly mocking tone)—"As it is, my good friend, you must go and drudge away all your life long, making honey and wax. Well, get along with you! Good luck to your labors!" and the Bee found himself once more floating in the air.

Oh, what a fine evening it was! But the liberated Bee did not think so. The sun still shone beautifully, though lower in the sky, and though the light was softer, and the shadows were longer, and as to the flowers, they were more fragrant than ever, yet the poor Bee felt as though there were a dark cloud over the sky; in reality the cloud was over his own heart, for he had become discontented and ambitious, and he rebelled against the authority under which he had been born.

At last he reached his home—the hive that he had left with such a happy heart in the morning—and, after dashing in, in a

hurried and angry manner, he began to unload the bags under his thighs of their precious contents, and as he did so he exclaimed, "I am the most wretched of creatures!"

"What is the matter? what have you done?" cried an old Relation who was at work near him; "have you been eating the poisonous kalmia flowers, or have you discovered that the mischievous honey moth has laid her eggs in our combs?"

"Oh, neither, neither!" answered the Bee, impatiently; "only I have traveled a long way, and have heard a great deal about myself that I never knew before, and I know now that we are a set of wretched creatures!"

"And, pray, what wise animal has been persuading you of that, against your own experience?" asked the old Relation.

"I have learned a truth," answered the Bee, in an indignant tone, "and it matters not who taught it me."

"Certainly not; but it matters very much that you should not fancy yourself wretched merely because some foolish creature has told you that you are so; you know very

well that you never were wretched till you were told you were so. I call that very silly ; but I shall say no more to you." And the old Relation turned himself around to his work, singing very pleasantly all the time.

But the Traveler Bee would not be laughed out of his wretchedness : so he collected some of his young companions around him and told them what he had heard in the large dining room of the country house ; and all were astonished, and most of them vexed. Then he grew so much pleased at finding himself able to create such excitement and interest, that he became sillier every minute, and made a long speech on the injustice of there being such things as queens, and talked of nature making them all equal and alike, with an energy that would have delighted Uncle Collins himself.

When the Bee had finished his speech, there was first a silence and then a few buzzes of anger and then a murmured expression of plans and wishes. It must be admitted the bees' ideas of how to remedy the evil, now for the first time suggested to

them, were very confused. Some wished that Uncle Collins could come and manage all the beehives in the country, for they were sure he would let all the bees be queens, and then what a jolly time they would have! And when the old Relation popped his head around the corner of the cell he was building, just to inquire, "What would be the fun of being queens, if there were no working bees to wait on one?" the little coterie of rebels buzzed very loud, and told him he was a fool; for, of course, Uncle Collins would take care that the tyrant who had so long been queen, and the royal children, now ripening in their nurse-cells, would be made to wait on them while they lasted.

"And when they are finished?" persisted the old Relation, with a laugh.

"Buzz, buzz!" was the answer, and the old Relation held his tongue.

Then another Bee suggested that it would, after all, be very awkward for them all to be queens, for who would make the honey and wax, and build the honeycombs, and nurse the children? Would it not be best, therefore, that there should be no queens

whatever, but that they should all be working bees?

But then the tiresome old Relation popped his head around the corner again, and said that he did not quite see how that change would benefit them, for were they not all working bees already;—on which an indignant buzz was poured into his ear, and he retreated again to his work.

It was well that night at last came on, and the time arrived when the labors of the day were over, and sleep and silence must reign in the hive. With the dawn of the morning, however, the troubled thoughts unluckily returned, and the Traveler Bee and his companions kept occasionally clustering together in little groups, to talk over their wrongs and a remedy. Meantime, the rest of the hive were too busy to pay much attention to them, and so their idleness was not detected. But, at last, a few hot-headed youngsters grew so violent in their different opinions that they lost all self-control, and a noisy quarrel would have broken out, if the Traveler Bee had not flown to them, and suggested that, as they were grown up now,

and could not all be turned into queens, they had best sally forth and try the republican experiment of being all working bees without any queen whatever. With so charming an idea in view, he easily persuaded them to leave the hive; and a very nice swarm they looked as they emerged into the open air, and dispersed about the garden to enjoy the early breeze. But a swarm of bees without a queen to lead them proved only a helpless crowd, after all. The first thing they attempted, when they had re-collected to consult, was to fix on the sort of place in which they should settle for a home.

“A garden, of course,” says one. “A field,” says another. “There is nothing like a hollow tree,” remarked a third. “The roof of a good outhouse is best protected from wet,” thought a fourth. “The branch of a tree leaves us most at liberty,” cried a fifth. “I won’t give up to anybody,” shouted all.

They were in a prosperous way to settle, were they not?

“I am very angry with you,” cried the Traveler Bee, at last; “half the morning is

gone already, and here we are as unsettled as when we left the hive!"

"One would think you were going to be queen over us, to hear you talk," exclaimed the disputants. "If we choose to spend our time in quarreling, what is that to you? Go and do as you please yourself!"

And he did; for he was ashamed and unhappy; and he flew to the further extremity of the garden to hide his vexation; where, seeing a clump of beautiful jonquils, he dived at once into a flower to soothe himself by honey gathering. Oh, how he enjoyed it! He loved the flowers and the honey gathering more than ever, and began his accustomed murmur of delight, with serious thoughts of going back at once to the hive as usual, when, as he was coming out of one of the golden cups, he met his old Relation coming out of another.

"Who would have thought to find you here alone?" said the old Relation. "Where are your companions?"

"I scarcely know; I left them outside the garden."

"What are they doing?"

“. . . Quarreling, . . .” murmured the Traveler Bee.

“What about?”

“What they are to do.”

“What a pleasant occupation for bees on a sunshiny morning!” said the old Relation, with a sly expression.

“Don’t laugh at me, but tell me what to do,” said the puzzled Traveler. “What Uncle Collins says about nature and our all being alike sounds very true, and yet somehow we do nothing but quarrel when we try to be all alike and equal.”

“How old are you?” asked the old Relation.

“Seven days,” answered the Traveler, in all the sauciness of youth and strength.

“And how old am I?”

“Many months, I am afraid.”

“You are right, I am an old bee. Now, my dear friend, let us fight!”

“Not for the world. I am the stronger, and should hurt you.”

“I wonder what makes you ask advice of a creature so much weaker than yourself?”

“ Oh, what can your weakness have to do with your wisdom, my good old Relation? I consult you because I know you are wise; and I am humbled myself, and feel that I am foolish.”

“ Old and young — strong and weak — wise and foolish — what has become of our being alike and equal? But never mind, we can manage. Now let us agree to live together.”

“ With all my heart. But where shall we live? ”

“ Tell me first which of us is to decide if we differ in opinion? ”

“ You shall; for you are wise.”

“ Good! And who shall collect honey for food? ”

“ I will; for I am strong.”

“ Very well; and now you have made me a queen, and yourself a working bee! Ah! you foolish fellow, won't the old home and the old queen do? Don't you see that if even two people live together, there must be a head to lead and hands to follow? How much more in the case of a multitude! ”

MARGARET GATTY. *Abridged.*

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

Out spake the Consul roundly :

“The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”

* * * * *

Then out spake brave Horatius,

The Captain of the Gate :

“To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,

And the temples of his Gods ?

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,

With all the speed ye may ;

I, with two more to help me,

Will hold the foe in play.

In yon strait path a thousand

May well be stopped by three.

Now who will stand on either hand,

And keep the bridge with me ? ”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
A Ramnian proud was he :
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius ;
Of Titian blood was he :
“ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“ As thou say’st, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

* * * * *

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an ax :
And Fathers mixed with Commons,

Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose :
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

* * * * *

And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

“ Come back, come back, Horatius ! ”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall ! ”

Back darted Spurius Lartius ;
Herminius darted back :
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.



Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“ Down with him ! ” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“ Now yield thee ! ” cried Lars Porsena,
“ Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

“ O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

* * * * *

“Curse on him !” quoth false Sextus ;
“Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !”
“Heaven help him !” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

HOW MARBOT CROSSED THE DANUBE

AFTER crossing the Traun, burning the bridge at Mauthhausen, and passing the Enns, the army advanced to Mölk, without knowing what had become of General Hiller. Some spies assured us that the archduke had crossed the Danube and joined him, and that we should on the morrow meet the whole Austrian army, strongly posted in front of Saint-Pölten. In that case, we must make ready to fight a great battle; but if it were otherwise, we had to march quickly on Vienna in order to get there before the enemy could reach it by the other bank. For want of positive information the Emperor was very undecided. The question to be solved was, Had General Hiller crossed the Danube, or was he still in front of us, masked by a swarm of light

cavalry, which, always flying, never let us get near enough to take a prisoner from whom one might get some enlightenment?

Still knowing nothing for certain, we reached, on May 7, the pretty little town of Mölk, standing on the bank of the Danube, and overhung by an immense rock, on the summit of which rises a Benedictine convent, said to be the finest and richest in Christendom. From the rooms of the monastery a wide view is obtained over both banks of the Danube. There the Emperor and many marshals, including Lannes, took up their quarters, while our staff lodged with the parish priest. Much rain had fallen during the week, and it had not ceased for twenty-four hours, and still was falling, so that the Danube and its tributaries were over their banks. That night, as my comrades and I, delighted at being sheltered from the bad weather, were having a merry supper with the parson, a jolly fellow, who gave us an excellent meal, the aid-de-camp on duty with the marshal came to tell me that I was wanted, and must go up to the convent that moment.

I was so comfortable where I was that I found it annoying to have to leave a good supper and good quarters to go out and get wet again, but I had to obey.

All the passages and lower rooms of the monastery were full of soldiers, forgetting the fatigues of the previous days in the monks' good wine. On reaching the dwelling rooms, I saw that I had been sent for about some serious matter, for generals, chamberlains, orderly officers, said to me repeatedly, "The Emperor has sent for you." Some added, "It is probably to give you your commission as major." This I did not believe, for I did not think I was yet of sufficient importance to the sovereign for him to send for me at such an hour to give me my commission with his own hands. I was shown into a vast and handsome gallery, with a balcony looking over the Danube; there I found the Emperor at dinner with several marshals and the abbot of the convent, who has the title of bishop. On seeing me, the Emperor left the table, and went towards the balcony, followed by Lannes. I heard him say in

a low tone, "The execution of this plan is almost impossible; it would be sending a brave officer for no purpose to almost certain death." "He will go, sir," replied the marshal; "I am certain he will go; at any rate we can but propose it to him." Then, taking me by the hand, the marshal opened the window of the balcony over the Danube. The river at this moment, trebled in volume by the strong flood, was nearly a league wide; it was lashed by a fierce wind, and we could hear the waves roaring. It was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents, but we could see on the other side a long line of bivouac fires. Napoleon, Marshal Lannes, and I being alone on the balcony, the marshal said: "On the other side of the river, you see an Austrian camp. Now, the Emperor is keenly desirous to know whether General Hiller's corps is there, or still on this bank. In order to make sure he wants a stout-hearted man, bold enough to cross the Danube, and bring away some soldier of the enemy's, and I have assured him that you will go." Then Napoleon said to me: "Take notice that

I am not giving you an order; I am only expressing a wish. I am aware that the enterprise is as dangerous as it can be, and you can decline it without any fear of displeasing me. Go, and think it over for a few moments in the next room; come back and tell us frankly your decision."

I admit that when I heard Marshal Lannes' proposal I had broken out all over in a cold sweat; but at the same moment, a feeling, which I cannot define, but in which a love of glory and of my country was mingled, perhaps, with a noble pride, raised my ardor to the highest point, and I said to myself, "The Emperor has here an army of 150,000 devoted warriors, besides 25,000 men of his guard, all selected from the bravest. He is surrounded with aids-de-camp and orderly officers, and yet when an expedition is on foot, requiring intelligence no less than boldness, it is I whom the Emperor and Marshal Lannes choose." "I will go, sir," I cried, without hesitation. "I will go; and if I perish, I leave my mother to your Majesty's care." The Emperor pulled my ear to mark his satisfaction; the marshal

shook my hand. "I was quite right to tell your Majesty that he would go. There's what you may call a brave soldier."

My expedition being thus decided on, I had to think about the means of executing it. The Emperor called General Bertrand, his aid-de-camp, General Dorsenne, of the guard, and the commandant of the imperial headquarters, and ordered them to put at my disposal whatever I might require. At my request an infantry picket went into the town to find the burgomaster, the syndic of the boatmen, and five of his best hands. A corporal and five grenadiers of the old guard who could all speak German, and had still to earn their decoration, were also summoned, and voluntarily agreed to go with me. The Emperor had them brought in first, and promised that on their return they should receive the Cross at once. The brave men replied by a "Vive l'Empereur!" and went to get ready. As for the five boatmen, on its being explained to them through the interpreter that they had to take a boat across the Danube, they fell on their knees and began to weep. The syndic declared

that they might just as well be shot at once, as sent to certain death. The expedition was absolutely impossible, not only from the strength of the current, but because the tributaries had brought into the Danube a great quantity of fir trees recently cut down in the mountains, which could not be avoided in the dark, and would certainly come against the boat and sink it. Besides, how could one land on the opposite bank among willows which would scuttle the boat, and with a flood of unknown extent? The syndic concluded, then, that the operation was physically impossible. In vain did the Emperor tempt them with an offer of 6,000 francs per man; even this could not persuade them, though, as they said, they were poor boatmen with families, and this sum would be a fortune to them. But, as I have already said, some lives must be sacrificed to save those of the greater number, and the knowledge of this makes commanders sometimes pitiless. The Emperor was inflexible, and the grenadiers received orders to take the poor men, whether they would or not, and we went down to the town.

The corporal who had been assigned to me was an intelligent man. Taking him for my interpreter, I charged him as we went along to tell the syndic of the boatmen that as he had got to come along with us, he had better in his own interest show us his best boat, and point out everything that we should require for her fitting. The poor man obeyed ; so we got an excellent vessel, and we took all that we wanted from the others. We had two anchors, but as I did not think we should be able to make use of them, I had sewn to the end of each cable a piece of canvas with a large stone wrapped in it. I had seen in the south of France the fishermen use an apparatus of this kind to hold their boats by throwing the cord over the willows at the water's edge. I put on a cap, the grenadiers took their forage caps, we had provisions, ropes, axes, saws, a ladder, — everything, in short, which I could think of to take.

Our preparations ended, I was going to give the signal to start, when the five boatmen implored me with tears to let the soldiers escort them to their houses, to take

perhaps the last farewell of their wives and children; but, fearing that a tender scene of this kind would further reduce their small stock of courage, I refused. Then the syndic said, "Well, as we have only a short time to live, allow us five minutes to commend our souls to God, and do you do the same, for you also are going to your death." They all fell on their knees, the grenadiers and I following their example, which seemed to please the worthy people much. When their prayer was over, I gave each man a glass of the monks' excellent wine, and we pushed out into the stream.

I had bidden the grenadiers to follow in silence all the orders of the syndic who was steering; the current was too strong for us to cross over straight from Mölk: we went up, therefore, along the bank under sail for more than a league, and although the wind and the waves made the boat jump, this part was accomplished without accident. But when the time came to take to our oars and row out from the land, the mast, on being lowered, fell over to one side, and the sail, dragging in the water, offered a strong re-

sistance to the current and nearly capsized us. The master ordered the ropes to be cut and the masts to be sent overboard; but the boatmen, losing their heads, began to pray without stirring. Then the corporal, drawing his sword, said: "You can pray and work too; obey at once, or I will kill you." Compelled to choose between possible and certain death, the poor fellows took up their hatchets, and with the help of the grenadiers, the mast was promptly cut away and sent floating. It was high time, for hardly were we free from this dangerous burden when we felt a fearful shock. A pine stem borne down by the stream had struck the boat. We all shuddered, but luckily the planks were not driven in this time. Would the boat, however, resist more shocks of this kind? We could not see the stems, and only knew that they were near by the heavier tumble of the waves. Several touched us, but no serious accident resulted. Meantime the current bore us along, and as our oars could make very little way against it to give us the necessary slant, I feared for a moment that

it would sweep us below the enemy's camp, and that my expedition would fail. By dint of hard rowing, however, we had got three quarters of the way over, when I saw an immense black mass looming over the water. Then a sharp scratching was heard, branches caught us in the face, and the boat stopped. To our questions the owner replied that we were on an island covered with willows and poplars, of which the flood had nearly reached the top. We had to grope about with our hatchets to clear a passage through the branches, and when we had succeeded in passing the obstacle, we found the stream much less furious than in the middle of the river, and finally reached the left bank in front of the Austrian camp. This shore was bordered with very thick trees, which, overhanging the bank like a dome, made the approach difficult, no doubt, but at the same time concealed our boat from the camp. The whole shore was lighted up by the bivouac fires, while we remained in the shadow thrown by the branches of the willows. I let the boat float downwards, looking for a suitable landing place. Pres-

ently I perceived that a sloping path had been made down the bank by the enemy to allow the men and horses to get to the water. The corporal adroitly threw into the willows one of the stones that I had made ready, the cord caught in a tree, and the boat brought up against the land a foot or two from the slope. It must have been just about midnight. The Austrians, having the swollen Danube between them and the French, felt themselves so secure that except the sentry the whole camp was asleep.

It is usual in war for the guns and the sentinels always to face towards the enemy, however far off he may be. A battery placed in advance of the camp was therefore turned towards the river, and sentries were walking on the top of the bank. The trees prevented them from seeing the extreme edge, while from the boat I could see through the branches a great part of the bivouac. So far my mission had been more successful than I had ventured to hope, but in order to make the success complete I had to bring away a prisoner, and to execute such an operation fifty paces away from

several thousand enemies, whom a single cry would rouse, seemed very difficult. Still, I had to do something. I made the five sailors lie down at the bottom of the boat under guard of two grenadiers, another grenadier I posted at the bow of the boat which was close to the bank, and myself disembarked, sword in hand, followed by the corporal and two grenadiers. The boat was a few feet from dry land; we had to walk in the water, but at last we were on the slope. We went up, and I was making ready to rush on the nearest sentry, disarm him, gag him, and drag him off to the boat, when the ring of metal and the sound of singing in a low voice fell on my ears. A man, carrying a great tin pail, was coming to draw water, humming a song as he went; we quickly went down again to the river to hide under the branches, and as the Austrian stooped to fill his pail my grenadiers seized him by the throat, put a handkerchief full of wet sand over his mouth, and placing their sword points against his body threatened him with death if he resisted or uttered a sound. Utterly bewildered, the

man obeyed, and let us take him to the boat; we hoisted him into the hands of the grenadiers posted there, who made him lie down beside the sailors. While this Austrian was lying captured, I saw by his clothes that he was not strictly speaking a soldier, but an officer's servant. I should have preferred to catch a combatant, who could have given me more precise information; but I was going to content myself with this capture for want of a better, when I saw at the top of the slope two soldiers carrying a cauldron between them, on a pole. They were only a few paces off. It was impossible for us to reëmbark without being seen. I therefore signed to my grenadiers to hide themselves again, and as soon as the two Austrians stooped to fill their vessel, powerful arms seized them from behind, and plunged their heads under water. We had to stupefy them a little, since they had their swords, and I feared that they might resist. Then they were picked up in turn, their mouths covered with a handkerchief full of sand, and sword points against their breasts constrained them to

follow us. They were shipped as the servant had been, and my men and I got on board again.

So far all had gone well. I made the sailors get up and take their oars, and ordered the corporal to cast loose the rope which held us to the bank. It was, however, so wet, and the knot had been drawn so tight by the force of the stream that it was impossible to unfasten. We had to saw the rope, which took us some minutes. Meanwhile, the rope, shaking with our efforts, imparted its movement to the branches of the willow round which it was wrapped, and the rustling became loud enough to attract the notice of the sentry. He drew near, unable to see the boat, but perceiving that the agitation of the branches increased, he called out, "Who goes there?" No answer. Further challenge from the sentry. We held our tongues, and worked away. I was in deadly fear; after facing so many dangers, it would have been too cruel if we were wrecked in sight of port. At last, the rope was cut and the boat pushed off. But hardly was it clear of the overhanging willows be-

fore the light of the bivouac fires made it visible to the sentry, who, shouting "To arms," fired at us. No one was hit; but at the sound the whole camp was astir in a moment, and the gunners, whose pieces were ready loaded and trained on the river, honored my boat with some cannon shots. At the report my heart leaped for joy, for I knew that the Emperor and marshal would hear it. I turned my eyes towards the convent, with its lighted windows, of which I had, in spite of the distance, never lost sight. Probably all were open at this moment, but in one only could I perceive any increase of brilliancy; it was the great balcony window, which was as large as the doorway of a church, and sent from afar a flood of light over the stream. Evidently it had just been opened at the thunder of the cannon, and I said to myself, "The Emperor and the marshals are doubtless on the balcony; they know that I have reached the enemy's camp, and are making vows for my safe return." This thought raised my courage, and I heeded the cannon balls not a bit. Indeed, they were not very dangerous, for the stream swept us along at

such a pace that the gunners could not aim with any accuracy, and we must have been very unlucky to get hit. One shot would have done for us, but all fell harmlessly into the Danube. Soon I was out of range, and could reckon a successful issue to my enterprise. Still, all danger was not yet at an end. We had still to cross among the floating pine stems, and more than once we struck on submerged islands, and were delayed by the branches of the poplars. At last we reached the right bank, more than two leagues below Mölk, and a new terror assailed me. I could see bivouac fires, and had no means of learning whether they belonged to a French regiment. The enemy had troops on both banks, and I knew that on the right bank Marshal Lannes' outposts were not far from Mölk, facing an Austrian corps, posted at Saint-Pölten.

Our army would doubtless go forward at daybreak, but was it already occupying this place? And were the fires that I saw those of friends or enemies? I was afraid that the current had taken me too far down, but the problem was solved by French

cavalry trumpets sounding the reveille. Our uncertainty being at an end, we rowed with all our strength to the shore, where in the dawning light we could see a village. As we drew near, the report of a carbine was heard, and a bullet whistled by our ears. It was evident that the French sentries took us for a hostile crew. I had not foreseen this possibility, and hardly knew how we were to succeed in getting recognized, till the happy thought struck me of making my six grenadiers shout, "Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!" This was, of course, no certain evidence that we were French, but it would attract the attention of the officers, who would have no fear of our small numbers, and would no doubt prevent the men from firing on us before they knew whether we were French or Austrians. A few moments later I came ashore, and I was received by Colonel Gautrin and the 9th Hussars, forming part of Lannes' division. If we had landed half a league lower down we should have tumbled into the enemy's pickets. The Colonel lent me a horse, and gave me several wagons, in

which I placed the grenadiers, the boatmen, and the prisoners, and the little cavalcade went off towards Mölk. As we went along, the corporal, at my orders, questioned the three Austrians, and I learned with satisfaction that the camp whence I had brought them away belonged to the very division, General Hiller's, the position of which the Emperor was so anxious to learn. There was, therefore, no further doubt that that general had joined the archduke on the other side of the Danube. There was no longer any question of a battle on the road which we held, and Napoleon, having only the enemy's cavalry in front of him, could in perfect safety push his troops forward towards Vienna, from which we were but three easy marches distant. With this information I galloped forward, in order to bring it to the Emperor with the least possible delay.

When I reached the gate of the monastery, it was broad day. I found the approach blocked by the whole population of the little town of Mölk, and heard among the crowd the cries of the wives, children, and

friends of the sailors whom I had carried off. In a moment I was surrounded by them, and was able to calm their anxiety by saying, in very bad German, "Your friends are alive, and you will see them in a few moments." A great cry of joy went up from the crowd, bringing out the officer in command of the guard at the gate. On seeing me he ran off in pursuance of orders to warn the aids-de-camp to let the Emperor know of my return. In an instant the whole palace was up. The good Marshal Lannes came to me, embraced me cordially, and carried me straight off to the Emperor, crying out, "Here he is, sir; I knew he would come back. He has brought three prisoners from General Hiller's division." Napoleon received me warmly, and though I was wet and muddy all over, he laid his hand on my shoulder, and did not forget to give his greatest sign of satisfaction by pinching my ear. I leave you to imagine how I was questioned! The Emperor wanted to know every incident of the adventure in detail, and when I had finished my story said, "I am very well pleased with you, 'Major'

Marbot." These words were equivalent to a commission, and my joy was full. At that moment a chamberlain announced that breakfast was served, and as I was calculating on having to wait in the gallery until the Emperor had finished, he pointed with his finger towards the dining room, and said, "You will breakfast with me." As this honor had never been paid to any officer of my rank, I was the more flattered. During breakfast I learned that the Emperor and the marshal had not been to bed all night, and that when they heard the cannon on the opposite bank they had all rushed on to the balcony. The Emperor made me tell again the way in which I had surprised the three prisoners, and laughed much at the fright and surprise which they must have felt.

At last the arrival of the wagons was announced, but they had much difficulty in making their way through the crowd, so eager were the people to see the boatmen. Napoleon, thinking this very natural, gave orders to open the gates, and let everybody come into the court. Soon after, the grenadiers, the boatmen, and the prisoners were

led into the gallery. The Emperor, through his interpreter, first questioned the three Austrian soldiers, and learning with satisfaction that not only General Hiller's corps, but the whole of the archduke's army, were on the other bank, he told Berthier to give the order for the troops to march at once on Saint-Pölten. Then, calling up the corporal and the five soldiers, he fastened the Cross on their breast, appointed them knights of the Empire, and gave them an annuity of twelve hundred francs apiece. All the veterans wept for joy. Next came the boatmen's turn. The Emperor told them that, as the danger they had run was a good deal more than he had expected, it was only fair that he should increase their reward; so, instead of the 6,000 francs promised, 12,000 in gold were given to them on the spot. Nothing could express their delight; they kissed the hands of the Emperor and all present, crying, "Now we are rich!" Napoleon laughingly asked the syndic if he would go the same journey for the same price the next night. But the man answered that, having escaped by miracle what seemed cer-

tain death he would not undertake such a journey again even if his lordship, the abbot of Mölk, would give him the monastery and all its possessions. The boatmen withdrew, blessing the generosity of the French Emperor, and the grenadiers, eager to show off their decoration before their comrades, were about to go off with their three prisoners, when Napoleon perceived that the Austrian servant was weeping bitterly. He reassured him as to his safety, but the poor lad replied, sobbing, that he knew the French treated their prisoners well, but that, as he had on him a belt, containing nearly all his captain's money, he was afraid that the officer would accuse him of deserting in order to rob him, and he was heart-broken at the thought. Touched by the worthy fellow's distress, the Emperor told him that he was free, and as soon as we were before Vienna, he would be passed through the outposts and be able to return to his master. Then, taking a rouleau of 1,000 francs, he put it in the man's hand, saying, "One must honor goodness wherever it is shown." Lastly, the Emperor gave some pieces of gold to each of the other

two prisoners, and ordered that they, too, should be sent back to the Austrian outposts, so that they might forget the fright which we had caused them, and that it might not be said that any soldiers, even enemies, had spoken to the Emperor of the French without receiving some benefit.

ANDREW LANG.

BOAT SONG

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honored and blessed be the evergreen
Pine!

Long may the Tree, in his banner that
glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew,

Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to row,

While every Highland glen

Sends our shout back agen,

“ Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe! ”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
fountain,

Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;

When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf
on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her
shade.

Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan re-
plied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking
in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lommond lie dead
on her side.

Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with
woe;
Lenox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

WALTER SCOTT.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has

been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argu-

ment? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If

we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace, — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have?



"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take ; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death !

PATRICK HENRY.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

IN the eyes of the nobles, Richard the Second's chief crime had been his policy of peace, and the aid which they gave to the revolution sprang mainly from their hope of a renewal of the war. The energy of the war party was seconded by the temper of the nation at large, already forgetful of the sufferings of the past struggle, and longing only to wipe out its shame.

The internal calamities of France offered at this moment a tempting opportunity for aggression. Its King, Charles the Sixth, was a maniac, while its princes and nobles were divided into two great parties, the one headed by the Duke of Burgundy and bearing his name, the other by the Duke of Orleans and bearing the title of Armagnacs.

The struggle had been jealously watched by Henry the Fourth, but his attempt to feed it by pushing an English force into France at once united the combatants.

Their strife, however, recommenced more bitterly than ever when the claim of the French crown by Henry the Fifth on his accession declared his purpose of renewing the war. No claim could have been more utterly baseless, for the Parliamentary title by which the House of Lancaster held England could give it no right over France, and the strict law of hereditary succession, which Edward asserted, could be pleaded, if pleaded at all, only by the House of Mortimer.

Not only the claim, indeed, but the very nature of the war itself was wholly different from that of Edward the Third. Edward had been forced into the struggle against his will by the ceaseless attacks of France, and his claim of the crown was a mere after-thought to secure the alliance of Flanders. The war of Henry, on the other hand, though in form a mere renewal of the earlier struggle on the expiration of the truce made by Richard, was in fact a wanton aggression on

the part of a nation tempted by the helplessness of its opponent and still galled by the memory of former defeat.

It was in vain that the French strove to avert the English attack by an offer to surrender the Duchy of Aquitaine ; Henry's aims pointed to the acquisition of Normandy rather than of the South, and his first exploit was the capture of Harfleur. Dysentery made havoc in his ranks during the siege, and it was with a mere handful of men that he resolved to insult the enemy by a daring march, like that of Edward, upon Calais.

The discord, however, on which he probably reckoned for security, vanished before the actual appearance of the invaders in the heart of France, and when his weary and half-starved force succeeded in crossing the Somme, it found sixty thousand Frenchmen encamped right across its line of march.

Their position, flanked on either side by woods, but with a front so narrow that the dense masses were drawn up thirty men deep, was strong for purposes of defense but ill suited for attack ; and the French leaders, warned by the experience of Cressy and

Poitiers, resolved to await the English advance. Henry, on the other hand, had no choice between attack and unconditional surrender.

His troops were starving, and the way to Calais lay across the French army. But the King's courage rose with the peril. A knight, it was said, in his train wished that the thousands of stout warriors lying idle that night in England had been standing in his ranks. Henry answered with a burst of scorn. "I would not have a single man more," he replied. "If God give us the victory, it will be plain that we owe it to His grace. If not, the fewer we are, the less loss for England."

Starving and sick as were the handful of men whom he led, they shared the spirit of their leader. As the chill rainy night passed away, his archers bared their arms and breasts to give fair play to "the crooked stick and the gray goose wing," but for which — as the rhyme ran — "England were but a fling," and with a great shout sprang forward to the attack. The sight of their advance roused the fiery pride of the French; the

wise resolve of their leaders was forgotten, and the dense mass of men at arms plunged heavily forward through miry ground on the English front.

But at the first sign of movement Henry had halted his line, and fixing in the ground the sharp palisades with which each man was furnished, his archers poured their fatal arrow flights into the hostile ranks. The carnage was terrible, but the desperate charges of the French knighthood at last drove the English archers to the neighboring woods, from which they were still able to pour their shot into the enemy's flanks, while Henry, with the men at arms around him, flung himself on the French line.

In the terrible struggle which followed, the King bore off the palm of bravery: he was felled once by a blow from a French mace, and the crown on his helmet was cleft by the sword of the Duke of Alençon; but the enemy was at last broken, and the defeat of the main body of the French was followed at once by the rout of their reserve. The triumph was more complete, as the odds were even greater, than at Cressy. Eleven thou-

sand Frenchmen lay dead on the field, and more than a hundred princes and great lords were among the fallen.

J. R. GREEN.

THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they are all fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, — my noble Lord of Bedford, —
My dear Lord Gloster, — and my good Lord
Exeter, —

And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu !

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good
luck go with thee !

Exe. Farewell, kind lord ; fight valiantly
to-day :

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of
valor.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness ;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But oneten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? — No, my fair
cousin :

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from
England:

Heaven's peace! I would not lose so great
an honor,

As one man more, methinks, would share
from me

For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish
one more!

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through
my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this
fight,

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe
home,

Will stand a tiptoe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian :"
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his
scars,
And say, — "These wounds I had on
Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our
names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, —
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glos-
ter, —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his
son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd, —
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY 301

And gentlemen in England, now abed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were
not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles
any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's
day.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

CÆSAR was murdered by men who considered themselves, or at least pretended to consider themselves, the deliverers of their country. They said that Cæsar had overthrown their old constitution, and that they had slain him, not from private hatred or private interest, but to restore the liberties of Rome. They had intended to declare that Cæsar had been a tyrant, and to throw his body into the Tiber, but they found that they dared not do this, for the people were beginning to think that no Roman had ever served his country better in peace or war.

They resolved, therefore, that Cæsar's death be regarded as a sacrifice for the

sins of the nation. It would please the army for him to have an honorable burial. Then the past could be forgotten and a fresh start made.

Antony was asked to give the funeral oration. The will was read first. It reminded the Romans that they had always been in Cæsar's thoughts, for he had left each citizen seventy-five drachmas, and he had also left them his gardens on the Tiber as a perpetual park. Among the heirs whom he had appointed was Brutus, who had betrayed him. A wave of emotion passed over the crowd when, besides the consideration for themselves, they heard from this record a proof of the confidence that had been abused.

Antony, after waiting for the passion to work, then came forward. For Cæsar his affection was genuine. He spoke with the natural vehemence of a friend, yet said nothing that was not literally true. The services of Cæsar neither needed nor permitted the exaggeration of eloquence. He spoke of Cæsar's family, his birth, his early history, his personal characteristics,

his thrifty habits, his public liberality; he described him as generous to his friends, forbearing with his enemies, without evil in himself, and reluctant to believe evil of others.

“Power in most men,” he said, “has brought their faults to light. Power in Cæsar brought into prominence his excellences. Prosperity did not make him insolent, for it gave him a sphere which corresponded to his nature. His first services in Spain deserved a triumph; of his laws I could speak forever. His campaigns in Gaul are known to you all. The land from which the Teutons and Cimbri poured over the Alps is now as well ordered as Italy. Cæsar would have added Germany and Britain to your empire, but his enemies would not have it so.

“They regarded the commonwealth as the patrimony of themselves. They brought him home. They went on with their usurpations till you yourselves required his help. He set you free. He set Spain free. He labored for peace with Pompey, but Pompey preferred to go into Greece, to

bring the powers of the East upon you, and he perished in his obstinacy.

“Cæsar took no honor to himself for this victory. He abhorred the necessity of it. He took no revenge. He praised those who had been faithful to Pompey. He was sorry for Pompey’s death, and he treated his murderers as they deserved. He settled Egypt and Armenia. He would have disposed of the Parthians had not fresh seditions recalled him to Italy. He quelled those seditions. He restored peace in Africa and Spain, and again his one desire was to spare his fellow citizens.

“There was in him an ‘inbred goodness.’ He was always the same, — never carried away by anger, and never spoiled by success. He did not retaliate for the past, he never tried by severity to secure himself for the future. His effort throughout was to save all who would allow themselves to be saved. He repaired old acts of injustice. He restored the families of those who had been proscribed by Sulla, but he burned unread the correspondence of Pompey and Scipio, that those whom it compromised

might neither suffer injury nor fear injury.

“ You honored him as your father; you loved him as your benefactor; you made him chief of the state, not being curious of titles, but regarding the most which you could give as less than he had deserved at your hands. To you he was Consul; to the army he was Imperator; to the enemies of his country Dictator. In sum he was *Pater Patriæ*.

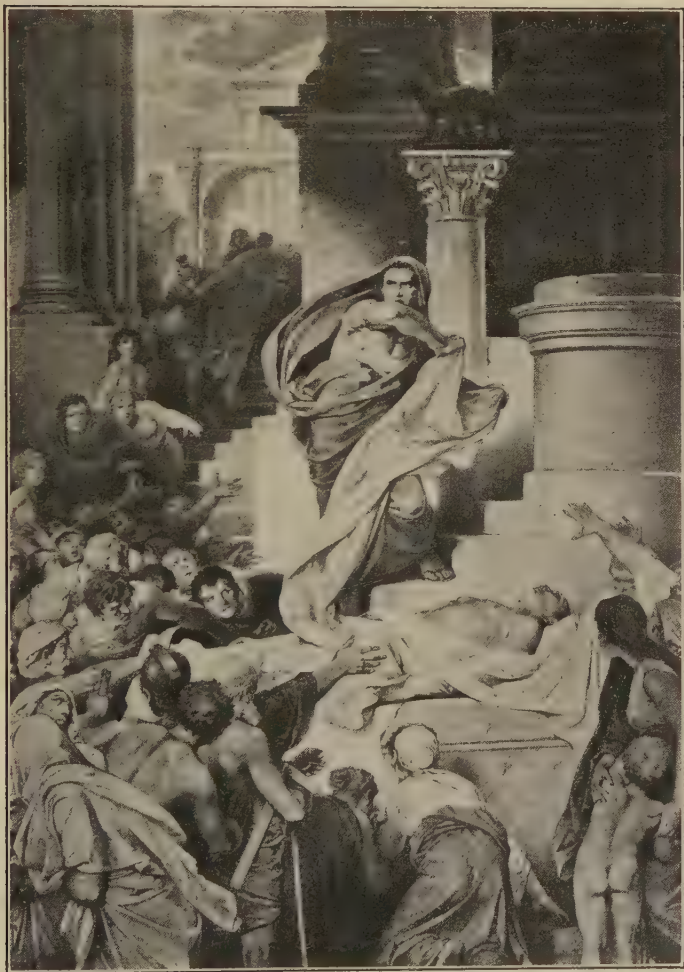
“ And this your father lies dead — dead, not by disease or age, not by war or visitation of God, but here at home, by conspiracy within your own walls, slain in the Senate house, the warrior unarmed, the peace-maker naked to his foes, the righteous judge in the seat of judgment. He whom no foreign enemy could hurt has been killed by his fellow countrymen — he, who had so often shown mercy, by those whom he had spared.

“ Where, Cæsar, is your love for mankind? Where is the sacredness of your life? Where are your laws? Here you lie murdered — here in the Forum, through which

so often you marched in triumph, wreathed with garlands; here upon the rostra from which you were wont to address your people. Alas for your gray hairs dabbled in blood! Alas for this lacerated robe in which you were dressed for the sacrifice!"

Antony's words, as he well knew, were a declaration of irreconcilable war against the murderers. As his impassioned language did its work, the multitude rose in fury. When the people were in such a mood, Rome was no place for the conspirators and they were obliged to flee. It was not Cæsar who had overthrown the constitution. It was the leaders themselves who had done it by their incapacity, their selfishness, their baseness. Cæsar had been but the reluctant instrument of the power that metes out to men the inevitable penalties of their own misdeeds. They had dreamed that the constitution was a living force which would revive of itself as soon as Cæsar was gone. They did not know that it was dead already, and that they had themselves destroyed it.

JAMES A. FROUDE. *Adapted.*



“The multitude rose in fury.”

MARCO BOZZARIS

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a
king;
As wild his thoughts, as gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour pass'd on — the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the
Greek !”

He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“Strike — till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike — for your altars and your fires ;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;
God — and your native land !”

They fought — like brave men, long and
well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem
slain ;
They conquer'd — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their loud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;

Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

* * * * *

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb ;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone ;

For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed ;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
His plighted maiden, when she fears

For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears ;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's :
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FIGHT BETWEEN THE *BONHOMME*
RICHARD AND *SERAPIS*

1779 A.D.

(From "The Navy of the United States.")

It was now getting to be dark, and Commodore Jones was compelled to follow the movements of the enemy by the aid of a night glass. It is probable that the obscurity which prevailed added to the indecision of the commander of the *Pallas*, for from this

time until the moon rose, objects at a distance were distinguished with difficulty, and even after the moon appeared, with uncertainty. The *Richard*, however, stood steadily on, and about half past seven, she came up with the *Serapis*, the *Scarborough* being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and as she drew slowly near, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer was equivocal, and both ships delivered their entire broadsides nearly simultaneously. The water being so smooth, Commodore Jones had relied materially on the eighteens that were in the gun room; but at this discharge two of the six that were fired burst, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding a large proportion of the people that were stationed below. This disaster caused all the heavy guns to be instantly deserted, for the men had no longer sufficient confidence in their goodness to use them. It at once reduced the broadside of the *Richard* to about a third less than that of her opponent, not to include the disadvantage of the manner in which the metal that remained was distributed amongst light guns.

In short, the combat was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate, a species of contest in which, it has been said, we know not with what truth, the former has never been known to prevail. Commodore Jones informs us himself that all his hopes, after this accident, rested on the twelve-pounders that were under the command of his first lieutenant.

The *Richard*, having backed her topsails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the *Serapis*, which ship luffed across her stern and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and, in turn, passing ahead. All this time, which consumed half an hour, the cannonading was close and furious. The *Scarborough* now drew near, but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. On the side of the Americans it is affirmed that she raked the *Richard* at least once; but, by the report of her own commander, it would appear that, on account of the obscurity and the smoke, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not knowing which ship might be the friend, or which the foe. Un-

willing to lie by, and to be exposed to shot uselessly, Captain Piercy edged away from the combatants, exchanged a broadside or two, at a great distance, with the *Alliance*, and shortly afterwards was engaged at close quarters by the *Pallas*, which ship compelled him to strike, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Having disposed of the inferior ships, we can confine ourselves to the principal combatants. As the *Serapis* kept her luff, sailing and working better than the *Richard*, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off across the latter's forefoot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead ; but making the attempt, and finding he had not room, he put his helm hard down to keep clear of his adversary, when the double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the *Serapis* leading. By these uncertain evolutions, the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran aboard of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her weather quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these

different maneuvers, and near an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first guns and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other.

The English now thought that it was the intention of the Americans to board them, and a few minutes passed in the uncertainty which such an expectation would create; but the positions of the vessels were not favorable for either party to pass into the opposing ship. There being at this moment a perfect cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson demanded, "Have you struck your colors?" "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer.

The yards of the *Richard* were braced aback, and, the sails of the *Serapis* being full, the ships separated. As soon as far enough asunder, the *Serapis* put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, or was boxhauled, with a view, most probably, of luffing up athwart the bow of her enemy, in order to again rake her. In this position the *Richard* would have been fighting her starboard, and the *Serapis* her

larboard guns ; but Commodore Jones, by this time, was conscious of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal, and after having backed astern some distance, he filled on the other tack, luffing up with the intention of meeting the enemy as she came to the wind, and of laying her athwart hawse. In the smoke, one party or the other miscalculated the distance, for the two vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English ship passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way, the collision did but little injury, and Commodore Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's headgear to his mizzenmast. The pressure on the after sails of the *Serapis*, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern, the jib boom of the *Serapis* giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter to secure her in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was as much aware

of his advantage in a regular combat as his opponent could be of his own disadvantage, no sooner perceived the vessels foul, than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the *Richard* would drift clear of him. But such an expectation was perfectly futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls were pressed close against each other, there were lashings fore and aft, and even the ornamental work aided in holding the ships together. When the cable of the *Serapis* took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the *Serapis* and the stern of the *Richard* to the tide. At this instant the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed without loss.

All this time the battle raged. The lower ports of the *Serapis* having been closed, as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, in order to allow the guns to run out; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposite ship in order to be entered into the muzzles of their proper guns. It is evident that such a conflict must have been of short duration. In

effect, the heavy metal of the *Serapis*, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the *Richard* were in a great measure abandoned. Most of the people went on the upper deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the fire of the enemy, continuing to fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

In this stage of the combat, the *Serapis* was tearing her antagonist to pieces below, almost without resistance from her enemy's batteries, only two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of the twelves, being worked at all. To the former, by shifting a gun from the larboard side, Commodore Jones succeeded in adding a third, all of which were used with effect, under his immediate inspection, to the close of the action. He could not muster force enough to get over a second gun. But the combat would now have soon terminated had it not been for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties had been placed in the tops, and at the end of a short contest, the Americans had driven every man belonging to the enemy below ;

after which they kept up so animated a fire, on the quarter-deck of the *Serapis* in particular, as to drive nearly every man off it that was not shot down.

Thus, while the English had the battle nearly all to themselves below, their enemies had the control above the upper deck. Having cleared the tops of the *Serapis*, some American seamen lay out on the *Richard's* main yard, and began to throw hand grenades upon the two upper decks of the English ship; the men on the fore-castle of their own vessel seconding these efforts, by casting the same combustibles through the ports of the *Serapis*. At length one man, in particular, became so hardy as to take his post on the extreme end of the yard, whence, provided with a bucket filled with combustibles and a match, he dropped the grenades with so much precision that one passed through the main hatchway. The powder boys of the *Serapis* had got more cartridges up than were wanted, and, in their hurry, they had carelessly laid a row of them on the main deck, in a line with the guns. The grenade just mentioned set fire to some

loose powder that was lying near, and the flash passed from cartridge to cartridge, beginning abreast of the mainmast and running quite aft.

The effect of this explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed, many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, and the waistbands of their duck trousers; while the official returns of the ship, a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-eight wounded on board, still alive, who had been injured in this manner, and of whom thirty were said to have been then in great danger. Captain Pearson described the explosion as having destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns. On the whole, near sixty of the *Serapis*' people must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantage thus obtained, by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen, in a great measure restored the chances of the combat, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Commodore Jones to increase his. In the same degree that it encouraged the

crew of the *Richard*, it diminished the hopes of the people of the *Serapis*. One of the guns under the immediate inspection of Commodore Jones had been pointed some time against the mainmast of his enemy, while the two others had seconded the fire of the tops, with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where a scene of frightful horror was present in the agonies of the wounded and the effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English began to droop, and there was a moment when a trifle would have induced them to submit. From this despondency they were temporarily raised, by one of those unlooked-for events that ever accompany the vicissitudes of battle.

After exchanging the ineffective and distant broadsides already mentioned, with the *Scarborough*, the *Alliance* had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, out of the direction of their shot, when, about half past eight, she appeared crossing the stern of the *Serapis* and the bow of the *Richard*, firing at such a distance as to render it impossible to say which

vessel would suffer the most. As soon as she had drawn out of the range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile to leeward, hovering about until the firing had ceased between the *Pallas* and *Scarborough*, when she came within hail and spoke both of these vessels. Captain Cottineau of the *Pallas* earnestly entreated Captain Landais to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the *Richard*, or to stretch up to windward in the *Alliance* himself, and succor the commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the important duty of assisting his consort into his own hands, and making two long stretches, under his topsails, he appeared, about the time at which we have arrived in the narration of the combat, directly to windward of the two ships, with the head of the *Alliance* to the westward. Here the latter ship once more opened her fire, doing equal damage, at least, to friend and foe. Keeping away a little, and still continuing her fire, the *Alliance* was soon on the larboard quarter of the *Richard*, and it is even affirmed

that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Fifty voices now hailed to tell the people of the *Alliance* that they were firing into the wrong ship, and three lanterns were shown, in a line, on the off side of the *Richard*, which was the regular signal of recognition for a night action. An officer was directed to hail, and to order Captain Landais to lay the enemy aboard, and the question being put whether the order was comprehended, the answer was in the affirmative.

As the moon had been up some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the vessels, the *Richard* being all black, while the *Serapis* had yellow sides, and the impression seems to have been general in the former vessel that they had been attacked intentionally. At the discharge of the first guns of the *Alliance*, the people left one or two of the twelve on board the *Richard*, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the Englishmen in the *Alliance* had got possession of the ship, and were helping the enemy. It appears that this discharge dismounted a gun or two, extin-

guished several lanterns on the main deck, and did a good deal of damage aloft.

The *Alliance* hauled off to some distance, keeping always on the off side of the *Richard*; and soon after she reappeared edging down on the larboard beam of her consort, hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. On this occasion, it is affirmed that her fire recommenced, when, by possibility, the shot could only reach the *Serapis* through the *Richard*. Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed and wounded on the forecastle of the latter ship, which was crowded at the time, and among them was an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his wound by the fire of the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the *Richard*, and the stern of the *Serapis*, delivering grape as she passed, the *Alliance* ran off to leeward, again standing off and on, doing nothing, for the remainder of the combat.

The fire of the *Alliance* added greatly to the leaks of the *Richard*, which ship, by this time, had received so much water

through the shot holes, as to begin to settle. It is even affirmed by many witnesses, that the most dangerous shot holes on board the *Richard* were under her larboard bow and larboard counter, in places where they could not have been received from the fire of the *Serapis*. This evidence, however, is not unanswerable, as it has been seen that the *Serapis* luffed up on the larboard quarter of the *Richard* in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her larboard bow, endeavoring to cross her forefoot. It is certainly possible that shot may have struck the *Richard* in the places mentioned on these occasions, and that, as the ship settled in the water from other leaks, the holes then made may have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the *Alliance* did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the *Richard*, as appears by a mass of uncontradicted testimony, the dangerous shot holes may very well have come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the *Alliance* had run to leeward, an alarm was

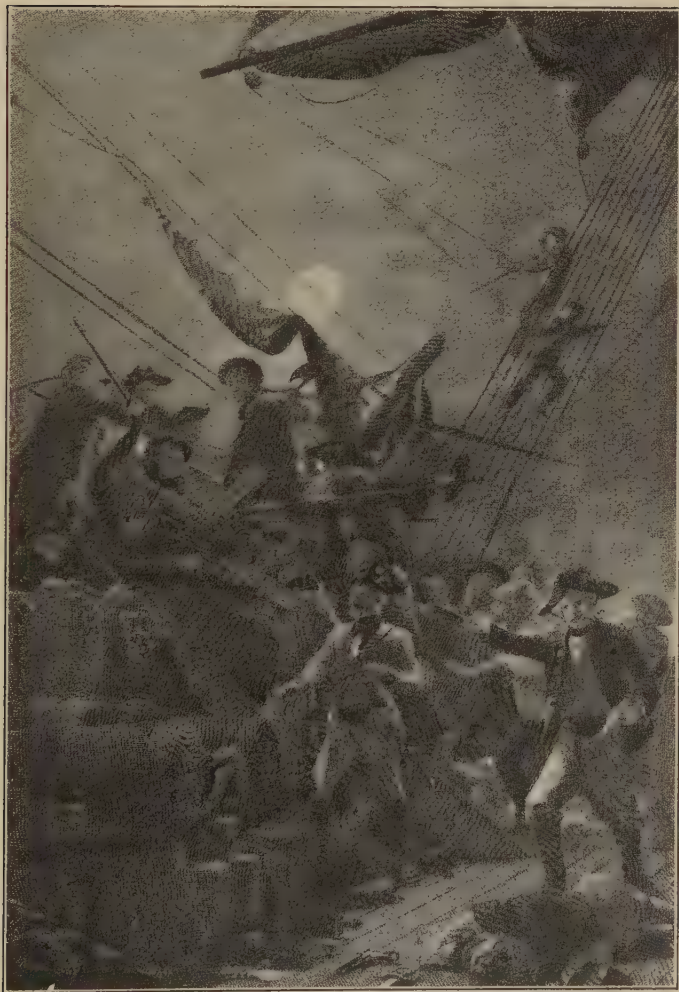
spread in the *Richard*, that the ship was sinking. Both vessels had been on fire several times, and some difficulty had been experienced in extinguishing the flames, but here was a new enemy to contend with, and as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump wells, it produced a good deal of consternation. The *Richard* had more than a hundred English prisoners on board, and the master at arms, in the hurry of the moment, let them all up from below, in order to save their lives. In the confusion of such a scene at night, the master of a letter of marque, that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the *Richard* into one of the *Serapis*, when he reported to Captain Pearson, that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, he himself having been liberated in order to save his life. Just at this instant the gunner, who had little to occupy him at his quarters, came on deck, and not perceiving Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated

prisoners, and believing the master, the only other superior he had in the ship, to be dead, he ran up on the poop to haul down the colors. Fortunately the flagstaff had been shot away, and, the ensign already hanging in the water, he had no other means of letting his intention to submit be known, than by calling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed to inquire if the *Richard* demanded quarter, and was answered by Commodore Jones himself, in the negative. It is probable that the reply was not heard, or, if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source, for encouraged by what he had learned from the escaped prisoner, by the cry, and by the confusion that prevailed in the *Richard*, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as mustered, they were ordered to take possession of the prize. Some of the men actually got on the gunwale of the latter ship, but finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they made a precipitate retreat. All this time, the topmen were not idle, and the enemy were soon driven below again with loss. . . .

The ships were now on fire again, and both parties, with the exception of a few guns on each side, ceased fighting, in order to subdue the dangerous enemy. In the course of the combat, the *Serapis* is said to have been set on fire no less than twelve times, while, towards its close, the *Richard* was burning all the while.

As soon as order was restored in the *Richard*, after the call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase, while the English, driven under cover, almost to a man, appear to have lost, in a great degree, the hope of victory. Their fire materially slackened; the mainmast of the *Serapis* began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or between three hours and three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and between two hours and two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down the colors of the *Serapis* with his own hands, the men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the *Richard's* tops.

J. F. COOPER.



John Paul Jones and the *Bonhomme Richard*.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE STORY OF A ROMAN GENERAL

ROME and Carthage were located on opposite sides of the sea. Both were very powerful, and it was certain that, were war to break out between them, it would prove to be a long and terrible struggle.

Unfortunately these two great cities were not friendly and, finally, this feeling resulted in war. The conflict was long and doubtful. No one could foretell how it would end. Sometimes fortune seemed to favor Rome. Then, again, it seemed as though Carthage might win. Thus the conflict was prolonged for many years.

Once during the war the Carthaginians captured a Roman general named Regulus. He was a brave man, and a good man as well. It is said of him that he always kept his word. But, brave as he was, he lost a battle with his enemies, and was captured and put into prison.

About this time the Carthaginians realized that, on the whole, they were losing ground in the contest. It seemed to them that sooner or later Rome would conquer. They had already found it necessary to try to hire soldiers from other countries to fight their battles, and they felt that they could not hold out much longer in the struggle.

Some of their rulers, therefore, visited the prison to talk with the Roman general. They told him that it was their desire that Carthage should be at peace with Rome. They assured him that if the Roman rulers knew the actual conditions of the war they would desire peace also. Then they said to Regulus: "We will allow you to return to Rome provided that you will tell your people about the battles you have lost, and that they have gained nothing by this long war."

But this is not all that they demanded of Regulus if he were to be set free. They asked him to promise that, in case the Romans were unwilling to make peace, he would return to prison. Regulus consented to return if the Romans refused to make peace. Then the Carthaginians released him from prison, and he made his journey to Rome.

When he reached the great capital he was gladly welcomed by the people. The wise men who made the laws of Rome came to him to inquire about the war across the sea.

Then Regulus told them how he happened to be in Rome. He explained to them how he was sent to make peace. But he advised the Roman rulers not to make peace. He assured them that although Rome had lost several battles, nevertheless Carthage was growing weak. He said that if Rome held out a little longer he was sure that she would conquer. Then he added :

“I have come to say farewell to my wife and children. To-morrow I must return to prison, for I have promised the Carthaginian

rulers that I would do so if the Romans refused to make peace."

Regulus was an able general, and the Roman rulers urged him not to go back. They offered to send another man in his stead. But he said: "A Roman must keep his word. I must return."

If it was hard to return against the wish of the rulers; it was still harder when his wife and children begged him not to go back. Nevertheless he said: "I must return. I have promised; I cannot break my word."

Then he bade farewell to Rome, and to his family, and went bravely back to prison and to death.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away

Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When
thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images

Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow
house,

Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at
heart; —

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all
around —

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and
thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many
tears,

Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude
 swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The
 oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy
 mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie
 down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with
 kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the
 good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the
 vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured
 round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that
tread

The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are
there :

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them
down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there
alone.

So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall
leave

Their mirth and their employments, and
shall come

And make their bed with thee. As the long
train

Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes

In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed
man —

Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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